

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,077

JULY 19, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

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## NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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"A CRITICAL MOMENT"

A DESCENT OF THE GREAT WAR BALLOON FROM THE MILITARY EXHIBITION, FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER



## Topics of the Week

**A WINTER SESSION.**—The Government have finally resolved to call Parliament together in November, and the decision seems to be, upon the whole, the wisest at which they could arrive in the circumstances. Some good arguments may be advanced against a Winter Session, but it is certainly better for the health of members to be dismissed at the end of July and assemble again in November than to go on without interruption until the summer begins to fade into the autumn. If the Opposition do not like the arrangement, they have themselves to a large extent to blame for the circumstances which have made it necessary. It cannot, indeed, be denied that the Government have blundered a good deal during the present Session. So much is admitted even by their most ardent supporters. On the other hand, the Opposition have been thoroughly unscrupulous in the methods they have adopted for the purpose of bringing Ministers into disrepute. Every conceivable device for the waste of time has been taken advantage of, and the country has been bored by the incessant repetition of the same opinions on almost all the subjects which have been submitted to the notice of Parliament. If this sort of thing goes on, a Winter Session will be inevitable every year; and even that will not prove to be a sufficient remedy for what has already become an intolerable evil. The truth is, as most people are now beginning to see, the rules for the control of the work of the House of Commons are thoroughly antiquated. They were formed for conditions wholly different from those which exist in our day, and it has become essential that they should be completely reorganised. There is not in the world another deliberative assembly in which so much scope is provided for the wanton display of individual caprice. Every attempt to limit the right of talking for talking's sake is met by an outcry about the suppression of freedom of debate; but freedom of debate and the system of Obstruction are absolutely irreconcilable ideas.

**BISLEY.**—So far as it has yet been tested, the new Wimbledon appears to have given general satisfaction. All admit the superiority of the ranges to those at the old ground, while it is also felt a happy relief to be free from the disorderly elements which used to hang on to the previous camp. That Bisley is not quite so convenient of access as might be wished may be admitted. The trains are neither so quick nor so numerous as the public hoped for, while the tram from Brookwood has provoked a great deal of grumbling. Still, on the whole, a balance of advantage may be claimed for Bisley over Wimbledon as the national shooting-ground. Will it rise to the level of its opportunities better than its honoured predecessor ever did? Wimbledon was the means of educating a very small percentage of Volunteers to the highest degree in marksmanship. But it did absolutely nothing to improve the shooting of the general body. To Bisley, then, or, more strictly speaking, to the National Rifle Association, it belongs to inaugurate a new departure in this respect. No one cognisant of the Association's history will deny that it has done right good work, both in encouraging rifle-shooting and in helping to keep the Volunteer force together. In these respects, no praise could be too high for its achievements. But now that it has broken connection with Wimbledon, the public will hope to see it also break connection with the Wimbledon tradition that ideal shooting of the few, not fair shooting of the many, is the thing to aim at. To expect the Volunteers ever to become an army of marksmen equal in skill to the Boers would be absurd. But it does not seem too much to expect that every member of the force should be trained to make a fair number of hits up to 500 or 600 yards. There are few regiments, we suspect, which could comply with that requirement if put to the test, and it remains, therefore, for the National Rifle Association to devise such a system of competition at Bisley as will create that "general excellence in rifle-shooting" which the Prince of Wales rightly declares to be "more worthy of being sought than special individual skill."

**THE LIABILITY OF DIRECTORS.**—In spite of the exaltation of altruism, the influence of the one strong man is as powerful in society as ever. The Stanley of a Company is soon discovered, and then the guidance of affairs is left to him, and the other directors do but indorse his acts. The idea of punishing directors for misleading statements in a prospectus is one that needs looking at in a good many lights. In the nature of things all Company prospectuses are misleading. They must be so. The man who has anything to sell praises his goods to the skies, dilates on their excellencies, and does his utmost to show their brilliant side. If his melon has a rotten spot, he does not point it out to the marketer, but places it with that side down; and, should the blemish be discovered, declares that it is a valuable peculiarity in the marking of the rind. A Company prospectus is drawn up by an artist whose special business it is to make an ounce of margarine look like a pound of butter; and the more skilfully he does so, without using a word that is absolutely false, the greater is his repute among promoters. Directors are often as much misled as the public, for the

position of director does not endow a man with all the wisdom of Solomon, but rather draws a veil of partiality over his eyes. But every Company has attached to it a solicitor—a man who is wise by profession, and therefore capable of discriminating between what is misleading and what is not. There is a popular superstition that solicitors know something of the law, and they should endeavour to live up to this belief. At present the solicitor is too inclined to look upon a Company as a field for practising the game of running up a bill; and, though this theory has its advantages from his point of view, it is of little consolation to the plundered shareholder. Make the Company's solicitor directly responsible for the statements which appear under his name in the prospectus of the Company he advises, and we should hear very little in future of ruined lives and broken fortunes.

**MR. PARNELL'S MODERATION.**—The other evening Mr. Parnell astonished the House of Commons by the extraordinary moderation of his tone in the treatment of the Irish Land Purchase Bill. So sensible and practical were his suggestions that Mr. Balfour had the unusual pleasure of being able to promise that they should receive his attentive consideration. Some question has been raised as to the Irish leader's motive for displaying this unwonted spirit. We do not know, however, that it is necessary to go much below the surface for the true explanation. If an Irish Parliament were established, the very first important set of questions with which it would have to deal would be those relating to the tenure of land. As long as those problems were in the way, progress in other matters would be impossible. Now, Mr. Parnell is himself a landlord, and—apart from the Home Rule Question—naturally shares many of the social and economical opinions of his class. It is far from certain, therefore, that he looks forward with delight to the prospect of a final settlement of the Land Question such as might commend itself to representatives of the peasantry. He is probably anxious to have the subject disposed of before Home Rule is granted, so that the Irish Parliament may from the beginning have a free hand for the solution of less exciting difficulties. It is to be hoped that he will not depart from the position he has now assumed; for, if he cares to play the part of a conciliator, it will not be hard for him to secure the success of the Land Bill in a form satisfactory to himself and to the majority of the Irish people. Why should he not try what can be effected by moderation in some other directions? Parliament would be ready to concede much to Ireland if her claims were put forward in a calm and reasonable temper.

**THE POSTMEN'S UNION.**—It will be no loss to society if the collapse of the postmen's strike ends the Postmen's Union. There is no room for labour organisations in great departments of the public service. These have necessarily to be governed in a more or less autocratic manner; the chief must be supreme, inasmuch as he is responsible to the nation, and without power, responsibility cannot be enforced. The Postmen's Union sought to establish, it is clear, an *imperium in imperio*, strong enough to dictate terms to the Postmaster-General, and through him to his employer, the State. Such a condition of things must never be allowed; for it would place in the hands of a few irresponsible men the means of bringing all business to a standstill. Nor can there be much question that the power would be so used whenever those invested with it believed the time had come for demanding higher pay, shorter hours, or any other boon, at the public expense. Postmen, like policemen and soldiers, are secured certain privileges, such as pensions and clothing, which private employers do not grant to their work people. It is, therefore, pure nonsense to argue that the cases run on all fours in regard to the rights of combination and of public meeting. But Mr. Shipton, the Secretary of the London Trades Council, carries nonsense to a sublime point when he falls foul of the dismissed postmen for soliciting reinstatement in respectful and submissive language. Would Mr. Shipton have wished them to demand it in a Turpin-like manner? That is not the usual tone in which penitents sue for forgiveness, nor would the Postmaster-General have been at all likely to give way to "stand-and-deliver" persuasiveness immediately after breaking the back of a dangerous strike. The less heed postmen give to the counselling of professional agitators the better will they get on with their paymasters—the public. Those who consider life not worth living without a trades union of their own, should quit the service and enter some industry in which such organisations have their proper place.

**PLAYING-FIELDS FOR LONDON.**—No one will object to the Lord Mayor having lent his name to the movement for securing more playing-fields for the poor children of London. Much has been done towards blotting out the horrible slums of London, but still there are thousands of miserable children, dragged into this world with reckless and criminal improvidence, who spend their lives crowded together in stifling courts, surrounded with bad air and wretched drainage and ventilation, who know of no open space but the street, and no playground but the gutter. In the old days, before all the world crowded into towns, the village-green with its cricket and football in the afternoon, and its dancing to the music of the village fiddles as night began to fall, kept our population healthy, and sound of wind and limb; and

the great need of modern town-life is some place where children can run and shout to their heart's content, without kicking valuable shrubs to pieces and annoying the dwellers in other quarters of the town. Every year the terrible and all-absorbing maze of London spreads wider and wider, and swallows up the fields, hedges, and market-gardens in its path. But here and there, behind the rows and terraces of squalid houses in the remote suburbs are stranded and forlorn patches of grass which the speculative builder has not been able to work into his scheme of local improvements. These queer little spaces, wedged in among the walls of slatternly back-gardens, might well be utilised as playing-fields for the children of the homes which surround them, instead of being jealously preserved as a museum for unsightly potsherds and bottomless kettles. Those who know how the dwellers in slums love flowers, and how they will cherish a stunted geranium in a cracked flowerpot, will wish the Lord Mayor God-speed in his useful and patriotic movement.

**LORD WOLSELEY.**—As Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, Lord Wolseley enters upon a new phase of his distinguished career. Whatever may be thought of him by some of his rivals in the army, he is very popular in the country; and in many ways he thoroughly deserves the esteem in which he is held. It has never fallen to his lot to take the leading part in a really great campaign; but many difficult tasks have been entrusted to him, and in the fulfilment of all of them he has displayed qualities which have won for him the admiration both of experts and of the public. It must be admitted, however, that in his utterances as an orator he is not always prudent. On a memorable occasion he called down upon himself a well-merited rebuke from Lord Salisbury, and at many other times he has succeeded only too completely in making his friends uneasy by his loquacity. It is to be hoped that in Ireland he will take care to bridle the unruly member which has hitherto been so apt to get beyond his control. As an Irishman, he is no doubt proud of his native land; but the Ireland he loves is the Ireland of the Protestant minority. Towards the Home Rule movement he has a strongly hostile feeling, and he is known to be in favour of very vigorous action in the relation of the Government to the discontented classes. He has a right to his own opinion on these subjects, but it would be a serious misfortune if he were to express his views in Ireland in a way that might tend to embitter any section of the population. He crosses St. George's Channel simply as a soldier, and it is in his military capacity alone that he ought to be known to Irishmen.

**SUBSIDISING MERCHANT SHIPPING.**—The American Senate has again been considering a project which previously engaged Brother Jonathan's attention on more than one occasion. Remembering the days when he did a great ship-building business, and even seemed likely to rival John Bull as an ocean carrier, he naturally regards his present attenuated merchant navy as a standing humiliation which he would give much to remove. Since, therefore, he now has this "much" to such an embarrassing extent that it troubles him far more than poverty does the most impecunious Central American republic, there is nothing odd in his wishing to swop it for the rehabilitation of his mercantile marine. Sooth to say, the American people could scarcely spend their ever-growing surplus in a more legitimate manner. Their ship-building industry has been mainly destroyed by Protection enhancing the cost of labour and iron; and what could be more fair, then, than to set aside a portion of the revenue derived from that system to undo the mischief? At the same time—perhaps, indeed, this may be the major cause of the Shipping Bounty Bills—the surplus, which insists on growing in spite of repeated amputations, would have a crushing weight placed upon it permanently. The scheme, as presented to the Senate, is simplicity itself. One measure provides a graduated scale of subsidies for American vessels going on ocean voyages; its companion extends similar benevolence to mail steamers. Of course, no computation of the expense is possible, as the ships to be benefited have yet to come into existence. Perhaps the temptation may not prove sufficient to stir the patriotism of American capitalists. In any case our shipowners need not be afraid of having their laurels wrested away just yet. Industries which cannot keep alive without bounties and subsidies must have a low degree of natural vitality, while the "pull" we have through Free Trade enables us not only to build but also to sail more cheaply.

**THE BALLOON CRAZE.**—There are many signs and symptoms which show that the fashionable mania of the near future will be ballooning. Already there have been several anchored balloons at Exhibitions, in which for a ridiculously small sum men and women, presumably rational beings, could enjoy the doubtful pleasure of dangling between heaven and earth like a child's kite at the end of a string, and of playing at danger with every guarantee of safety. Professional balloonists and parachutists are now received with as much honour as a champion boxer or an African explorer. A short time ago it was hardly safe to venture out of doors for fear of getting a bushel of sand in the eye, or a grappling iron hooked in the nostril, even if the parachutist himself did not descend with crushing force upon one's hat. But a new impetus has been given to the craze by marriage in a balloon,



and a new field has been opened to the compiler of the shilling awful. Gretna Green has languished for a long while, and now the balloon will take its place for a runaway match. The gallant lover will spring into the car with his bride under one arm and the clergyman under the other, and the knot will be tied whilst the infuriated father, following in a rival balloon, is leaning over the side of his car, foaming at the mouth, and menacing the happy couple with the awful implement patronised by the Humane Society. Then, when his services are no longer needed, the clergyman will be dropped overboard in a parachute, and the balloon, lightened of his weight, will soar on the wings of love to the empyrean, only to descend when the stern parent has seen the error of his ways, and consented to endow his daughter with all his worldly goods. Only the other day the Austrian military balloon, Radetsky, which was fitted with electric light, travelled 350 miles, and after playing a flying visit to the Baltic, astonished its occupants, as much as the inhabitants, by alighting somewhere in Prussia. This would have been thought wonderful a few weeks ago, but the officers should have fought a duel in the car if they had wished to equal the marriage ceremony of the week before.

**THE PEACE CONGRESS.**—Every civilised man must have a general sympathy with the objects of the Peace Congress which has been carrying on its labours during the present week in London. From the point of view of reason, nothing could be more repulsive than the idea of nations settling their disputes by means of physical violence. From the earliest stages of human progress it has been one of the chief aims of good citizens to substitute for private war the regular and impartial action of courts of justice. Why should States continue to give way to impulses which are considered grossly immoral in the case of individuals? The curious part of the matter is that by the vast majority of men war is cordially and thoroughly disliked. The French are supposed to be an extremely warlike people; but ask any of the peasantry what they think of the subject, and not one in a thousand will say that France has in his opinion anything to gain by fighting with her neighbours. A like judgment would be given by the peasantry of every other country; and probably their view is shared by nearly all artisans. It is a comparatively small, although very powerful, class which is apt to be in love with war, and which too readily appeals to the sword in the name of what is called honour or for the formation of what are supposed to be valuable material interests. In these democratic days it ought not to be impossible for lovers of peace to create a strong current of feeling and opinion about the matter in the minds of the masses of the people all over Europe. It is to them that the appeal for the establishment of international tribunals ought to be chiefly addressed; for if they were to send to their respective Parliaments delegates pledged to work for the triumph of good sense in the management of international affairs, an impression might at last be made on those who think lightly of war because they do not themselves come in contact with its horrors. Meanwhile, the Peace Congress does some good by reminding the world of the true ideals of civilised communities. It will not usher in universal peace, but it may help to bring us a little nearer to the goal.

**EXPRESS MESSENGERS.**—It would certainly be very pleasant, especially to the nervous, to have at their command the means of summoning medical, police, or fireman's assistance at any moment. This charming arrangement is already in operation in New York, and the Boy Messengers' Company proposes to establish it in London. The *modus operandi* has, at all events, the virtue of simplicity. Any householder who was willing to pay the stipulated charge would be placed in electric communication with those whose services he would be likely to require. This being done, he would only have to twist one or another of the little handles on his private dial, and, hey, presto! the coveted slave of the lamp would appear in the course of a few minutes. In the case of policemen and firemen this would, no doubt, work well enough, and it might also serve to order a cab at the nearest shelter. But every householder has his own doctor by whom he and his family swear, and it seems open to question whether many would care to have strange practitioners projected on them from the central depot. That difficulty might be surmounted, it is true, by connecting every household with its pet Galen, but the multiplication of wires might be somewhat inconvenient. And it is just here that the weakest spot of the project lies. The public have lately had some unpleasant experience of the state of the streets when electric light companies are on the burrow. But their subterranean doings would be as nothing compared with what we might expect were every well-to-do household accommodated with half-a-dozen "express messenger" wires of its own. If placed on high, Londoners would be shrouded under a canopy of blackened wire, not to speak of the risk of strangulation through falling wires. If carried underground, the inhabitants would have to travel from street to street either in balloons or through the sewers, as the surface would be rendered impassable by never-ceasing excavations. After all, it does not involve very much trouble or loss of time to send for a doctor or a cab, while there are already means of summoning policemen and firemen in any emergency.

**ST. SWITHUN.**—After a most miserable fortnight at the commencement of July, the patron saint of the man who

holds the watering-pot has consented to stay his hand, and to give Aquarius—the arrangement should be made statutory—a holiday on July 15th. And it was high time, too, for there were ominous signs, plain for all men to see, that the British Lion was being aroused, and, in classic phrase, was beginning to shake the dewdrops from his mane in most impatient fashion. Indeed, one young lion had gone so far as to hint that policemen on strike, discontented soldiers, and grumbling postmen might all be placed to the account of the weather; and no doubt the worthy bishop on whom the rain drops dripped for forty days from the Winchester eaves had begun to fear for the consequences should he meddle with the weather. Everyone travels nowadays, and it may be that St. Swithun, or St. Gervais, or St. Medard, or whatever name his saintship assumes on foreign travel, has heard of the manners and customs of the Celestial Empire. He may have reasoned gently with himself, and putting two and two together have argued that, if the yellow barbarian is capable of beating his grotesque wooden god when there is lack of rain in his country, the enraged ratepayer may very possibly be goaded into wreaking some vengeance upon his tormentor what time his summer catarrh has developed into a raging cold. And the long-suffering agriculturist, too, deserved some pity, for the hay has been mouldering in the fields, and the corn crops battered by the heavy drops, and therefore it was with joy that England saw the fateful fifteenth drawing to a close with hardly sufficient sprinkling to christen the baby-apples. Many things have been spoiled; Henley was a feast of umbrellas, and the best kept pitch has been little better than a morass, but there is yet time for 1890 to retrieve its character, and to let us enjoy that most delightful of all weathers, a poet's English summer.

**NOTICE.**—With this number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY—THE SIXTH DRAGOON GUARDS."

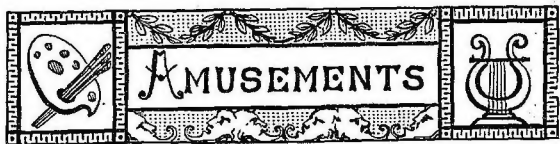
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**PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.** The Orient Company's Steamships "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (3,847 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later. July 23rd for 27 days. Aug. 8th for 21 days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; the steamer leaving July 23rd will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c., and using of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

**YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT and CRIMEA.**—The "ORIENT COMPANY" will dispatch their steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on August 30, for a cruise to Syracuse, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Malta, Gibraltar. The month of September is considered the best time for the cruise. The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c., and using of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

**CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS** by the Harwich Route. —Brussels, via Antwerp and back, 29s.; the Ardennes, 35s.; Holland, 28s.; the Rhine, 45s. 11d.; Switzerland, 97s. &c. Through Carriages from Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m.; Birmingham (New Street), 4.0 p.m.; Manchester (London Road), 3.0 p.m.; Doncaster, 4.54 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from the Midlands, the North of England, and Scotland) run direct to Harwich alongside the G.E.R. Co.'s Steamers to Antwerp and Rotterdam every Week Day, and the G.S.N. Co.'s Steamers to Hamburg on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Read "Walks in Holland," "Walks in the Ardennes," and the G.E.R. Co.'s Tourist Guide to the Continent, fully illustrated, Price 6d. each; by Post 8d. Guides, Time Books, and information at 62, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

## SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

**ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND ABERDEEN.**

**LONDON and NORTH WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.**—The following ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation, 1st, and 3rd class by all trains:—

	Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	5.15	7.15	10.0	10.30	11.15	7.30	7.45	8.0	8.50	10.0	12.0							
Edinburgh (Pr. St.)	3.55	5.50	6.30	8.5	9.55	6.0	5.5	—	6.50	9.37	12.28							
Glasgow (Central)	3.55	6.0	6.45	8.5	10.12	6.0	5.10	—	7.0	9.18	12.22							
Greenock	5.36	7.18	7.36	9.6	11.56	—	7.5	—	8.27	10.40	1.55							
Gourock	4.50	7.28	7.45	9.15	12.5	—	7.15	—	8.37	10.50	2.4							
Wemyss Bay	5.17	8.24	8.32	—	—	—	—	—	9.42	10.40	3.20							
Ardrrossan	6.10	7.35	9.30	9.30	—	—	—	—	8.37	11.5	3.17							
Perth	6.40	—	—	9.45	11.50	6.10	—	10.0	12.10	2.0	6.37							
Dundee	7.35	—	—	9.15	12.40	7.15	—	7.45	9.35	12.0	4.25							
Aberdeen	9.15	—	—	10.50	3.5	9.0	—	9.0	11.50	1.45	6.20							
Inverness H and Ry	—	—	—	6.30	6.30	11.50	—	11.50	2.45	6.5	10.5							
Inverness via	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—							
Aberdeen	—	—	—	8.10	8.10	2.15	—	2.15	6.5	10.5	—							

The 7.30 p.m. express from Euston to Perth will run from July 21st to August 8th inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted).

A—The 8.0 p.m. Highland Express and the 12.0 night train will run every night (except Saturdays). The 8.0 p.m. express will run specially to Perth and Inverness on Saturday night, August 9th.

B—Runs every night, but on Sunday morning its arrival at Dundee is 9.0 a.m., Aberdeen at 11.0 a.m., and Inverness is 1.30 p.m., and has no connection to Oban (Saturday nights from London). C—Runs every night, and has no connection beyond Glasgow on Saturday night. H—Arrival at Oban at 6.37 p.m., on Saturdays only.

On Saturday Passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 11.15 a.m. Trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with lavatory accommodation are run on the principal express trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved sleeping saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Gourock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.10 p.m., from July 15th to August 8th inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

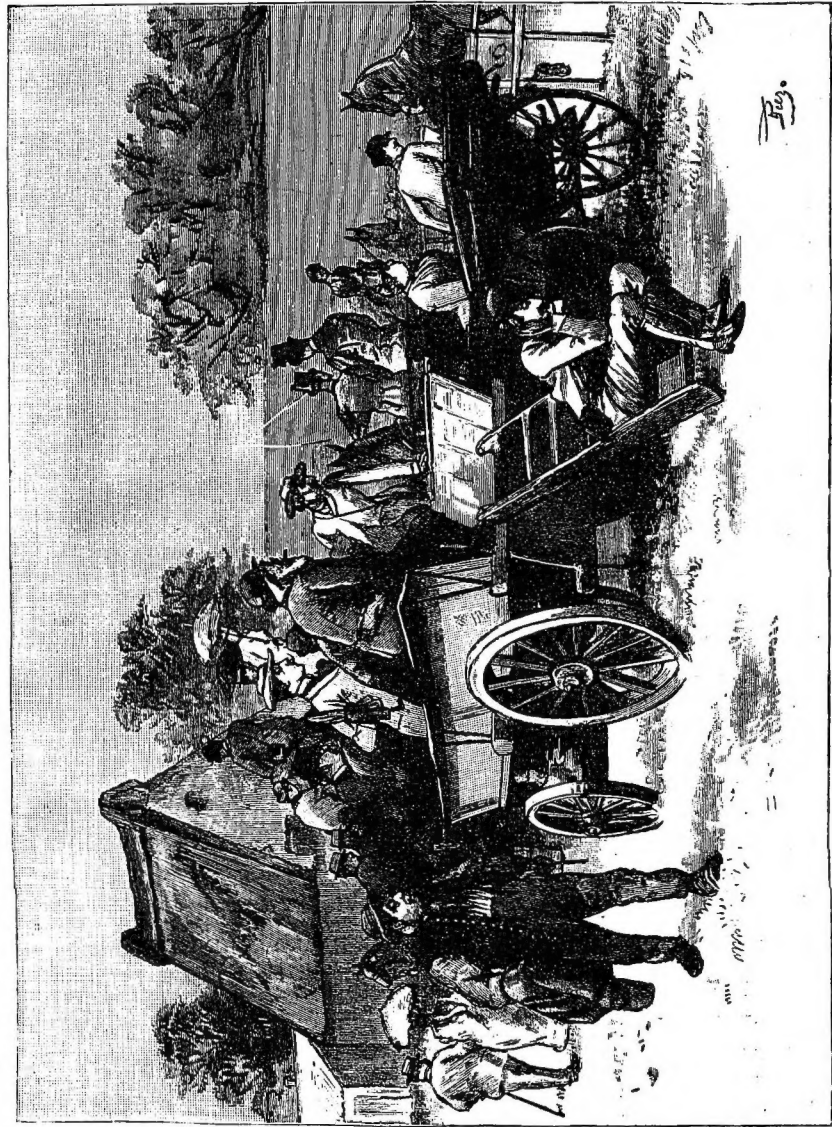
For further particulars see the Companies' time bills. G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway. J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.



## A DANGEROUS BALLOON DESCENT

THIS engraving represents a critical moment in the descent of the large war balloon which ascended from the Military Exhibition on July 1st. After passing over Streatham Common it was seen to be in difficulties, descending rapidly on Upper Norwood, in spite of all the ballast being expended in trying to clear the town. A collision with the roof of Buckleigh Lodge seemed inevitable, when the whole of the contents of the car, coats, rugs, &c., were thrown out, enabling the balloon just to clear the chimneys. The grapnel caught, and then broke away from the ridge of the roof, pulling over a chimney, and breaking through a window. In the mean time the car brushed with great speed through the top boughs of two oaks seen in the sketch, dragging the grapnel after it, which happily fixed in the trees, and brought the car to the ground, thus saving a collision against the next house. Sir Vincent Barrington had ascended to take some photographs of cloud and vertical effects, and there were five other passengers, including a lady and the aeronaut, Mr. Spencer, who showed great skill and judgment under these difficult circumstances. A spectator described the balloon as

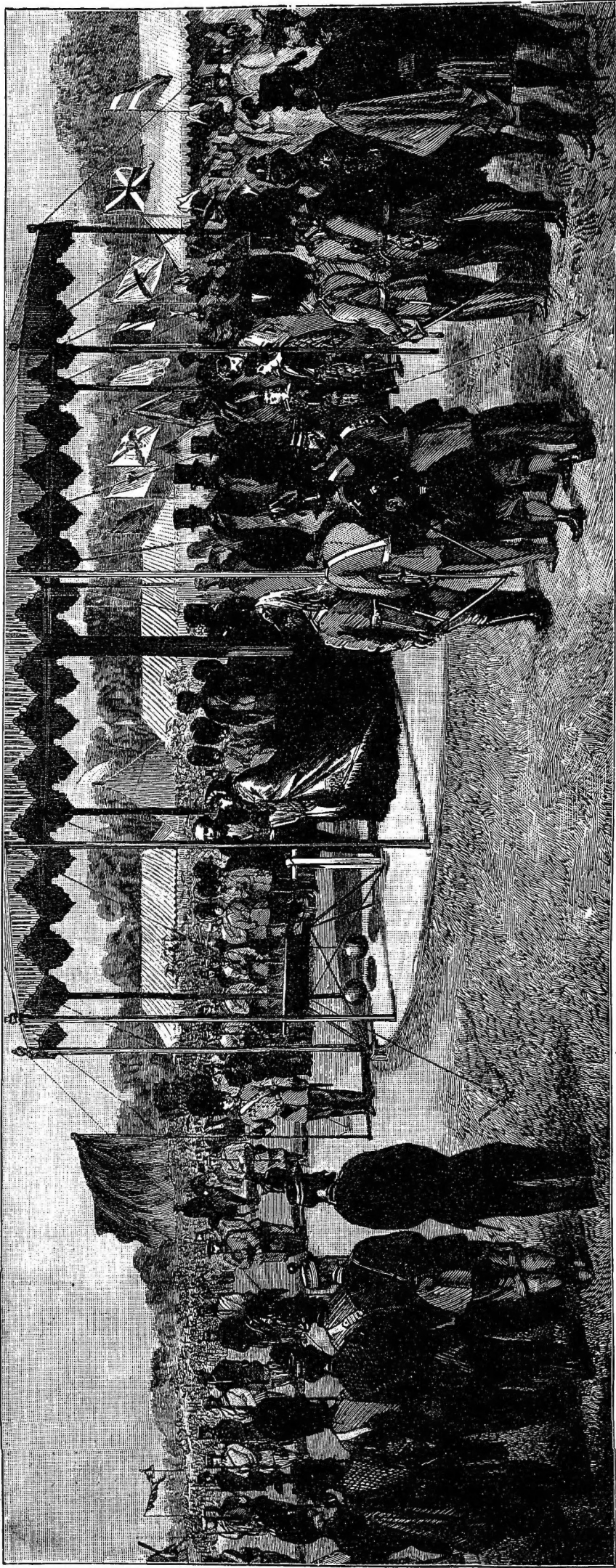
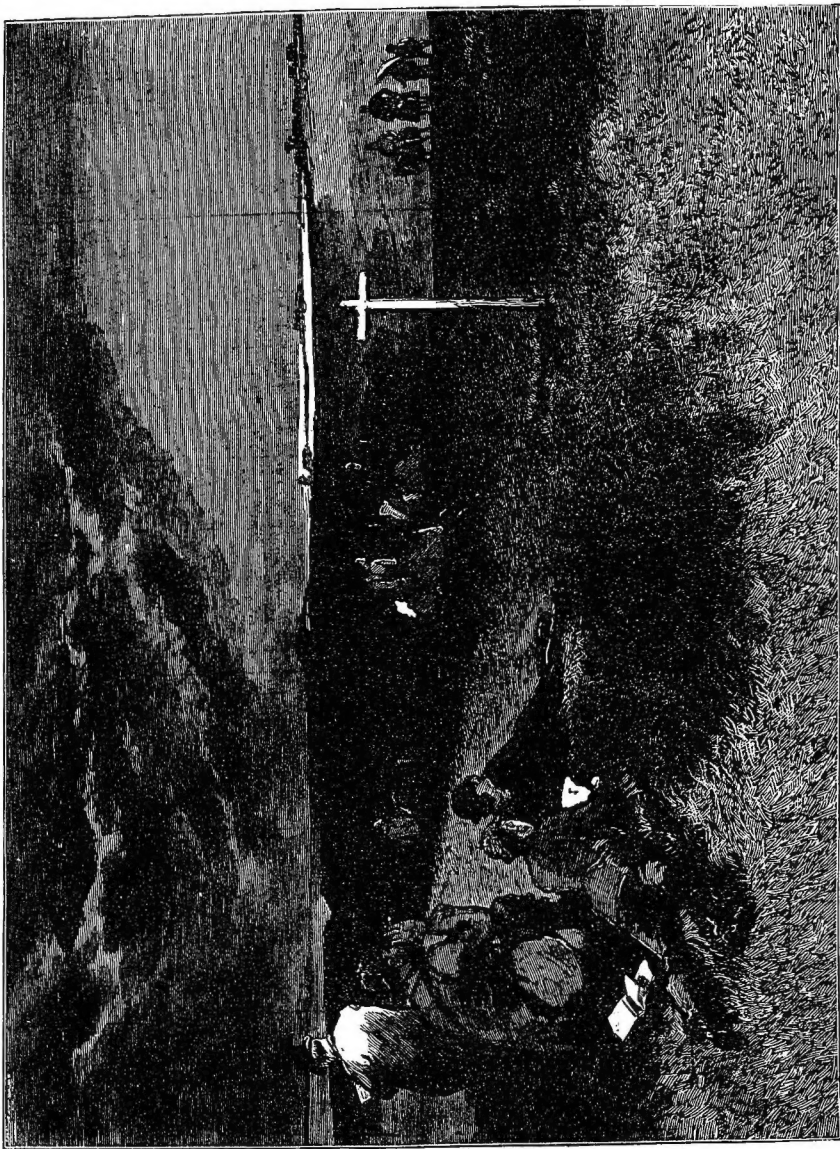




IN TATTERSALL'S SALE PADDOCK

RACING NOTES AT NEWMARKET

TOUTS WATCHING A TRIAL



THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN FIRING THE FIRST SHOT AT WIMBLEDON, 1860  
FROM AN OLD PRINT





THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES FIRING THE FIRST SHOT AT BISLEY, 1890



descending with great velocity and with a rushing sound, as of the wind whistling through the rigging of a ship. The cause of the balloon losing its lifting power was probably due to the rapid changes of temperature, or perhaps to electrical disturbances after the thunderstorm of that day in some way affecting the gas.

#### RACING NOTES AT NEWMARKET

WE dealt with the July sales last week, so we need make no further mention of them here, except to marvel at the wonderful attraction which an auction always has for the masculine mind. Whether it be such a one as this, at which Mr. Tattersall is disposing of thousands of guineas' worth of thoroughbred horseflesh, or the mock variety, where, if you are incautious enough to make any advance on 5s. 6d., a "Teniers" or a "David Cox" is immediately knocked down to you, an auction always attracts a crowd of persons who have about as much intention of bidding as of flying in the air. At Newmarket the assemblage in the sale-paddock always includes a good many specimens of the genus "tout." It is an odd way of earning a living, this of acting as a sort of equine detective; but it is what the march of intellect and the greed for tips have brought us to. If Colonel A. and Lord B. want to try the merits of their respective St. Leger candidates, with a view to seeing which, if either, of the twain they shall back, they can no longer do so in privacy. A hundred prying eyes watch the contest; and, long ere the owner can get his money on, the result of the trial has been wired up to town, and the winner has been brought to so short a price as hardly to be worth backing. Consequently owners of racehorses have had to meet espionage with deceit. Such things as false trials, got up solely for the benefit of the horse-watchers and their employers, have been known to take place; with the result that the beaten horse in the trial has "romped in" in the race. These things are sad and bad; but the "tout" is not an agreeable product of civilisation, and one cannot help enjoying his occasional discomfort.

#### WIMBLEDON AND BISLEY—1860 AND 1890

THIRTY years ago, when the threats of the French colonels a twelvemonth previous had resuscitated the Volunteer organisation of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, the first meeting of the National Rifle Association held on Wimbledon Common was inaugurated by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. It was then that the Queen founded a prize, to be competed for by selected men from Volunteer Rifle Corps throughout the United Kingdom; and this prize has ever since been regarded as the highest honour that can be gained at these gatherings. We need not repeat the reasons which have led to the abandonment of Wimbledon as a rifle camp. It is enough to say here that Bisley having been selected as its successor, an immense deal of labour was needed in order to make the new ground fit for its intended purposes. The removal from Wimbledon involved the construction of a new railway (from Brookwood to the Camp); of a vast range of rifle-butt ranges; and of the erection of several of the buildings which used to be familiar features on the Surrey Common during the Meeting. At length, all the preliminaries were completed, and, on Saturday, July 12th, the new Camp, on which untiring industry, energy, and skill, had been bestowed, was opened with all the ceremony appropriate to a Royal visit. A highly distinguished company assembled, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge. Very interesting and informing speeches were made by the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and Lord Winterton; but it is undeniable that the curiosity of the spectators reached its highest point when the Princess of Wales, following the example set a generation before by the Queen, pulled the silken cord attached to the trigger of a magazine rifle, and scored an unquestionable bull's-eye. The rifle which she used was well and truly laid by Sir Henry Halford and Captain Nathan, R.A., and fixed upon a rest; and, as Sir Henry had fired more than one shot beforehand from the rest in order to make sure that all was right, the Royal bull's-eye was not a really remarkable achievement. Nevertheless, the spectators cheered lustily, and the Princess was evidently pleased to find, when the carbon was presented to her, that it had been perforated almost in the true centre of the black circle.

#### THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY

OUR illustration shows a meeting of the King of Dahomey with his Chiefs before one of the gates of the palace of King Gezu, in Abomey, to discuss the advisability of making war, or some similar object.

His Majesty, dressed in a long toga-shaped robe of bright colours, with a kind of Scotch bonnet on his head, is seen reclining on a sofa, beneath a gigantic umbrella. In front is a table spread with decanters, glasses, "fetiches," and what not, while his comfort is still further secured by the aid of the two or three women behind him who keep the Royal person cool with fans, &c.

Seated round him, dressed in short tunics and petticoats of various colours, are his Amazons, while standing directly in front of the King is a herald, who calls attention to the speech of the warrior opposite by beating a "gong-gong." Round her are the skulls of conquered kings, slain in battle, mounted in brass, and the "fetiches" ship, while, reclining just within the line of bamboos which fences off the Amazons from the outer world are the "dahkros," or messengers between the King and the "outside."

In the centre of the space left between the Amazons and the men we see two eunuchs, who convey messages and anything else between the "dahkros" and the chiefs. They are wearing the long robe with necklaces of coral and beads, and long streamers behind—a mark of rank, and the curious mushroom-shaped ornaments secured to the tops of their heads by leathern fillets.

The warrior standing up flourishing his gun is doubtless wishing to be sent on some forlorn hope, while the Amazon standing by the side of her "caboccer's stool" is defying him to such deeds of prowess as she would do on such an occasion.

The hero shovelling dust over his head has just concluded his speech, and is testifying to his loyalty in the orthodox manner.

These councils not unfrequently last twenty-four hours or longer, food being brought to the warriors in court by their servants; but, whenever the King eats, a cloth is held up to screen him from plebeian eyes, and the removal of this is called, not unpoetically, "daybreak."

The *hoi polloi* are seen in the background, near the "swish" wall of the house beneath the palm trees, and they are possibly kept in order by the sight of the skulls stuck on sticks along the top of the palace wall, as they well know that their own would grace it within five minutes if the King should see fit to set up a fresh lot of such ghastly decorations.—Our illustration is by Mr. J. A. Skerchly, who lived several months with the late King Gelele.

#### MR. STANLEY'S WEDDING

See page 59

#### "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A New serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.L., is commenced on page 61.

#### "CHURCH PARADE" AT BRIGHTON

"DOCTOR BRIGHTON" has none of the suave politeness of the modern physician. He is a medico of the old school, blustering in his demeanour, and calculated to frighten the timid with his rough address. But he is a good fellow all the same, and though his

remedies may be severe, they do one good; and that is the main thing in a doctor. So seem to think the persons represented in Mr. Barnes's drawing. They have been to church—Brighton is a great place for churches—and now with their Prayer-books under their arms they have come out to inhale the ozone, and look at one another's clothes. But the good doctor is in his roughest mood to-day. The wind is roaring, the spray is dashing over the sea-wall, and "Church Parade" has altogether become a rather painful pleasure, except to children, retired Admirals, and other offensively healthy persons.—Our artist has been assisted by a sketch by Mr. J. H. Roberts, Tisbury Road, Brighton.

#### HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT, IV.

See page 65

#### "WHO CAN IT BE?"

IT is to be hoped that the young man who is causing such evident trepidation in the lady's breast is a *grata persona*; in short, is the particular young man whom she would wish to be seated at her side. But, in this respect, Mr. Hatherell leaves us in doubt; and, as the trunk of the tree is of phenomenal dimensions, some seconds must elapse before the heroine can be relieved from her state of suspense. Perhaps, after all, it is not the young man, but the suitor who is encouraged by her parents, and who, at all events in novels and pictures, is usually, in the lady's estimation, the wrong young man.

#### AN INDIAN WIMBLEDON

THESE engravings are from sketches taken at a local meeting of the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association by Captain A. R. Martin, of the 5th Goorkhas, Abbottabad, Punjab. The above Rifle Meeting corresponds with our Wimbledon (now Bisley) Meeting, but, owing to the larger area of India, is carried out by local meetings, which are held at central stations all over the country. After these have completed their competitions, the winning teams and the best individual shots meet at Meerut, where the final gathering is held.

#### THE SIXTH DRAGOON GUARDS

See page 68



THE LIBERATIONISTS OF NORTH WALES are profoundly dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone's recent deliverances on Welsh Disestablishment, and are appealing from his decision to his colleagues in the leadership of the Opposition. The North Wales Liberal Federation have adopted a resolution in which they "require a declaration" on the part of the Opposition leaders that when their party returns to office "one of them" shall introduce a measure of Welsh Disestablishment, "either concurrently with or immediately after the Home Rule Bill." But the Opposition leaders surely include Mr. Gladstone, and it is not easy to see how either one or more of them can promise on their behalf to pursue a course of which their "venerated chief" has expressed his disapproval, with what, for him, is considerable distinctness.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING AT DERBY, held to support the Bishop of Southwell's quinquennial appeal on behalf of the Derbyshire Church Extension Society, Lord Hartington spoke of the Church of England as a great educational and civilising influence and agency, and of the inadequacy in Derbyshire and elsewhere of the means at its disposal for carrying out its mission. He accounted to some extent for this deficiency in rather a novel manner. Lord Hartington said that the industrial development of the country had been due to private individuals, who might be appealed to more or less successfully; but now it took place largely through the agency of companies, who, as corporations, possessed no souls, and he knew very well from personal experience that it was difficult for directors to decide how far they were entitled to be liberal at the expense of those for whom they were trustees. The duty which the Society, whose claims he supported, was eminently fitted to perform, was that of enabling individuals in their private capacity to discharge the debt which they had contracted towards society from the profits derived through industrial partnerships.

LORD ROSEBURY's expected resignation of the Chairmanship of the London County Council was formally tendered in a graceful and genial communication read from him at its meeting on Tuesday. Members representing all classes of opinion in the Council cordially supported a resolution thanking him for his devotion to the duties of the office, and for the courtesy and kindness which he has uniformly displayed in the Chair. A new Chairman will be elected at the usual weekly meeting on Tuesday next, the 22nd inst. The so-called "progressive" members of the Council wished the Marquis of Ripon to succeed Lord Rosebery. He, however, prefers to remain Chairman of the Yorkshire County Council, and it is generally both hoped and expected that the choice of the London County Council will fall on its Vice-Chairman, Sir John Lubbock, who has proved his possession of many qualifications for the office. In seeming anticipation of Sir John's election, the Progressives, in private conclave assembled, have agreed to request Sir Thomas Farrer to become a candidate for the Vice-Chair.

AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, on Tuesday, of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, Lord Camperdown presiding, the only two M.P.'s who supported him were two Conservatives, Mr. Lafone and Colonel Cotton, and Viscount Wolmer, a Liberal-Unionist, like himself. Mrs. Fawcett was one of the lady-speakers. The Society's scheme is to extend to Parliamentary elections the exercise of the Suffrage, as now established by common and statute Law, for unmarried women and widows at local elections. According to an estimate given in the report read at the meeting, other franchises being included, the number of women who would thus be qualified to vote in Parliamentary elections, would probably be about nine hundred thousand in England and Wales, constituting fifteen and a-half per cent. of the whole electorate.—A Universal Peace Congress has been sitting this week in London, attended by well-meaning enthusiasts—not only British, but American and Continental—who fancy that speech-making and the adoption of humanitarian resolutions will convert the sword into the ploughshare, and that arbitration can settle the respective claims of the French Republic and the German Empire to the possession of Alsace-Lorraine. Tuesday's meeting was presided over by the inevitable Sir Wilfred Lawson. One of the papers read was on "War in the History of the Children of Israel," a subject which it seems difficult to handle so as to extract from it anything favourable to peace principles.

DR. O'DWYER, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, not long ago, as reported in this column at the time, had the courage to censure the National League agitators for inciting the tenants on the Glensharrold estate to refuse the very liberal terms offered them by their landlord, and thus to turn themselves adrift and homeless on the world. For this wise and humane monition, Dr. O'Dwyer was fiercely and virulently attacked by Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons. In an indignant and plain-spoken

epistolary rejoinder, the Bishop tells Mr. Dillon that he would not have dared to use the language which he did use if he, Dr. O'Dwyer, were a layman, sitting opposite him in the House of Commons, and that it was the conduct of a coward and a dastard to use such language to any man, especially a Bishop, behind his back. He winds up his letter with the hopefully-suggestive statement that the remarks of Mr. Dillon and his friends may cause the Irish Bishops to review their position with regard to Home Rule, and consider what it will be when these gentlemen are their masters.

THE SPEAKERS during the rather spiritless proceedings at the recent annual meeting of the Cobden Club, could not point to a single cheering symptom of the progress of Free Trade principles on the Continent or in America. Only two days afterwards, a monster meeting, presided over by the Mayor, was held in Sheffield to consider the new American Tariff Bill and its prohibitory effect on the manufactures of the town. The Master Cutler moved and the President of the local Chamber of Commerce seconded a strongly worded resolution, which was enthusiastically adopted, protesting against the prohibitory duties proposed to be placed on British goods by the United States of America "in return for a free market accorded in the United Kingdom to American products." Still more significant, at spontaneous meetings of artisans employed in the Sheffield factories they have declared that if this Tariff Bill passes they will neither vote for nor further the election of any candidate for Parliament who does not pledge himself to support retaliatory duties.

REPLYING to an argumentative appeal from the Sunday Society for the Sunday opening by the Government of such institutions as the British Museum and the National Gallery, the Chancellor of the Exchequer says that hitherto Parliament has pronounced against such Sunday opening, and that the Government cannot take the steps asked for until these decisions have been reversed.

THE COLLECTION IN THE CENTRAL DISTRICT for the Hospital Saturday Fund realised 2,500*l.* as against 1,800*l.* last year. Of this sum, deposited in nearly five thousand boxes, 722*l.* was in bronze, 1,350*l.* in silver, and the remainder in gold and notes. The total receipts, it is expected, will reach 5,000*l.* of course exclusively of the regular weekly collections made in many industrial establishments.

HAPPILY FOR THE PUBLIC CONVENIENCE and safety, the partial mutiny among both postmen and policemen has collapsed. The dismissed postmen of the Eastern District have formally expressed contrition for their insubordination, and are petitioning for reinstatement in the service which they rashly and foolishly deserted.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-seventh year, is announced of General Sir Francis Seymour, who, throughout the Crimean War, served before Sebastopol with the first battalion of the First Scots Fusilier Guards, to the command of which he succeeded after the Battle of Inkerman, where, and subsequently, he was severely wounded. He was Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince Consort from 1840 until his death, after which he was appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, and an Extra Groom-in-Waiting and Master of the Ceremonies in February, 1876. He was created a Baronet in 1869. The *Court Circular*, on Monday, contained an expression of the "sincere regret" with which Her Majesty received the intelligence of his death. The remains of the deceased general were interred on Wednesday in Kensal Green Cemetery. The first portion of the funeral service was conducted in the parish church of St. Mary Abbott, the Princess Louise being among the numerous congregation. The Queen, who sent a wreath of *immortelles*, the Prince and Princess of Wales, who sent another, the Empress Frederick, and the other principal members of the Royal Family, were represented on the occasion. The Queen's wreath bore the inscription, "A mark of regret and friendship from Victoria, R. and I.," and that of the Prince and Princess of Wales, "As a token of sincere friendship and regret."

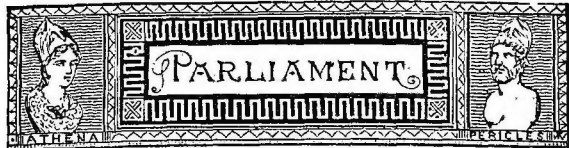
OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. David Pugh, Gladstonian M.P. for East Carmarthenshire, a large landowner, and a well-known breeder of shorthorns; in his eightieth year, of Mr. George Norman, who for nearly half a century held the chief control over the vast estates of his uncle and cousins, the fifth, sixth, and seventh Dukes of Rutland; in his seventy-third year, of Sir Henry Connor, Chief Justice of Natal, formerly of the Irish Bar; in his ninety-eighth year, of Mr. John Clayton, for a lengthened period Town Clerk of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a well-known local antiquary; in his fortieth year, of Commander William T. Bourke, R.N., who served with the Naval Brigade in the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon at Khartoum, and was specially mentioned in Lord Wolseley's despatches.

THE FASTING MEN who have lately interested Londoners are quite put in the shade by an American fasting woman. Mrs. Wucherer, living near Allentown, Pennsylvania, has taken neither food nor water for 103 days.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT HAS PUZZLED THE BEES in Jamaica. A bee-keeper living near a large hotel being built at Kingston recently found his hives in the utmost confusion, with many bees lying about exhausted or dead. The electric light was used at the hotel in order that the building operations should continue all night, so the bees mistook the light for daylight, and would go out to hunt pollen round the neighbourhood thus illuminated. When they came home, they found that the real day was dawning, and they flew off again without any rest till they literally worked themselves to death.

THE RECENT WET, COLD WEATHER has afflicted most parts of the Continent as severely as England. Doleful accounts of rains, floods, and low temperature come from all sides—from Northern France to Russia, from Italy and the Tyrol to Holland. The effect on the crops is disastrous in many districts. Rivers in the Tyrol and Northern Italy have risen to a dangerous extent; the Adige has flooded the lower streets of Verona and Trient, has washed away part of the railway embankment in the valley between Branzoll and Salurn; bridges and rocks have fallen, undermined by the waters; and troops have hurried up from Botzen to help the inhabitants in strengthening the river banks. Other streams are as bad, notably the Mur in Styria; while some of the Carinthian valleys are covered with water. Heavy snows have fallen in the Salzammergut, where the fruit-crops are ruined; and the valley of the Inn is covered with snow for the first time in summer for forty-two years. Many cattle in the mountains have been starved to death. The storms extended to Southern Hungary, terrible weather having affected the Danube region down to the Iron Gate. Nor is Switzerland more fortunate. In the Engadine, St. Moritz experiences a second winter, snow lies a foot deep, and sledges are in requisition, while dense fogs fill the valley. The mail-coach, too, was snowed up a few days ago when crossing the Julier Pass—an encouraging outlook for tourists. Unless the weather now continues fair, holiday resorts will suffer much, and the French watering-places are already raising lamentations at the lack of visitors, who prefer their own town homes to damp and chilly *villégiatures*. Even so far afield as Japan, 1890 has been one of the wettest years ever known, and the storms and floods in many districts have reduced the inhabitants to perfect destitution. At the same time, waves of intense heat pass over the New World, succeeded by as sudden falls of temperature. Last Wednesday was the hottest day in New York for fourteen years, the thermometer rising to 101, and the heat-wave extending far west; yet, at night, north-west winds produced a fall of 15 to 25 deg. of temperature, and snows appeared on Mount Washington.





THROUGH the week Mr. Balfour has had his back to the wall, fighting for the Irish Estimates. This is the long-deferred opportunity of the Irish members, and they have made the most of it. The period of the Session at which it usually comes on is convenient for their purposes. It is not only the Irish carman of the story who likes to "save a trot for the avenue." Presently Mr. Parnell's following will be back among their friends and constituents, who will welcome them all the more if they have made the closing days of the Session resonant with angry shouts at Mr. Balfour.

At the beginning of the fray a curious turn was given to the controversy by the studiously pacific attitude suddenly assumed by Mr. Parnell. That gentleman, though he occasionally sharply resents the non-attendance of his followers, leads them in that direction rather by precept than by practice. Once upon a time, when he and Mr. Biggar were making history and the Irish party, Mr. Parnell almost lived in the House. His spare figure and pale face were never missed from his seat below the gangway whatever might chance to be the business on hand. In these later days he is content to strike the average with this close attendance on his Parliamentary duties. It is no secret to his private acquaintances that Mr. Parnell hates the House of Commons, and would be glad to be quit of it and all its relationships. That being deemed out of the question he comes as little as possible, on some evenings content to walk through the Lobby, take charge of letters which he never opens, and so home.

On the night when the Vote for the Salary of the Chief Secretary had reached its second day, Mr. Parnell suddenly interposed, and delivered a speech which attracted much attention, and drew from Mr. Balfour a quite unwonted, if indeed not unprecedented acknowledgement of its moderation of tone and weightiness of purport. While Mr. John Dillon, whose speech, Colossus-like, strided across two nights, had utilised the occasion to make strong personal attacks on Mr. Balfour and the agents of the Executive in Ireland, Mr. Parnell turned aside to deal with the Land Purchase Bill. He besought Mr. Balfour to consider, in the interests of humanity and justice, whether the estates on which the Plan of Campaign is now being fought out might not by some means be brought under the beneficent operation of the Land Act, and an end put to the disastrous conflict. He pointed out that in Munster and Connaught there are large tracts of land not suitable to be dealt with under the Land Purchase Act. If they were eliminated from the scheme it would become much more workable, and would involve an infinitely less expenditure of capital. He suggested that the constabulary should be engaged in making returns setting forth the precise situation of every estate in these two provinces. Lastly, he protested against any proposal to allocate local funds without consulting local authorities.

When Mr. Parnell rose, the House was nearly empty, members fleeing from the tiresome iteration of abuse of the Chief Secretary and all his works. But that they had not gone far was testified to as soon as there was anything going forward worth listening to. Mr. Parnell, as is his wholesome custom, spoke very briefly. He was not on his legs more than a quarter of an hour, in which time he contributed the most notable speech born of the debate. Gradually, as he spoke, the House mysteriously filled, till when he sat down every bench was tenanted, and all eyes were turned upon him. Mr. Balfour no longer lounged on the Treasury Bench, but, sitting bolt upright, closely watched this manner-unwonted with an Irish member—of discussing Irish questions. When Mr. Parnell resumed his seat, the Chief Secretary at once rose, and, in his most courtly manner, expressed his sense of the value of Mr. Parnell's contribution to the debate, a contribution to which he promised the fullest consideration. He was particularly struck with the suggestion to limit the purview of the Land Purchase Bill to estates of a certain acreage, excluding the great pasture-farms of Munster and Connaught.

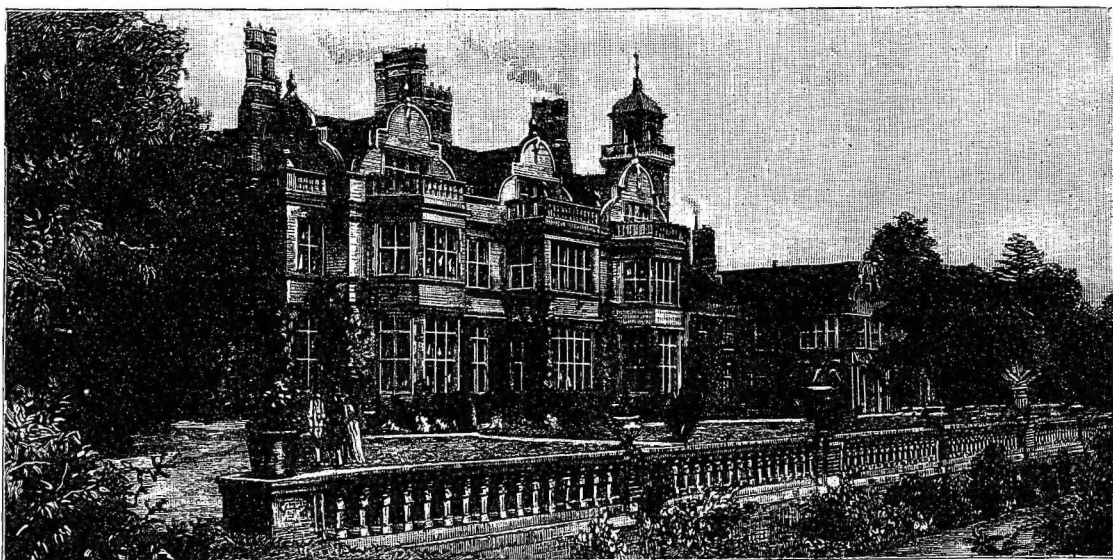
The profundity of the sensation created by this little incident may be sounded by the fact that Mr. Balfour's remarks were followed by an immediate passing of the Vote for his salary. This is the first time since the Irish Party was formed that the Vote for the Chief Secretary's Salary has been passed without a division. It has since been explained that the variation in the cheerful custom was due to an error. When Mr. Balfour resumed his seat a buzz of eager conversation rose from the crowded benches where the Irish members sat. Mr. Parnell, according to his custom, had sprung this little mine on them without a word of notice. They, in common with other members, learn their Leader's views upon particular circumstances only when he rises in his place to address the Speaker. Whilst they were excitedly discussing this new phase, Mr. Courtney put the question—that the Vote for the Chief Secretary's salary be agreed to. No one objecting, the Chairman declared the Vote carried, and with something like a groan of agony the Irish members learned that their opportunity was gone, and that they had assisted at the passing of the Chief Secretary's salary *nonne contradicente*!

After this the conversation fell into the familiar groove, Mr. Clancy incidentally alluding to the two members who act as Mr. Balfour's private secretaries as "two jackals." On Tuesday night, the vote under discussion being on account of Criminal Prosecution and Law Charges, the ground of attack was skilful, so as to bring into range the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, formerly the Attorney-General, and popularly known throughout Ireland as "Pether the Packer." In this attack the Irish members were not left to themselves, no less a person than Mr. John Moile coming to their assistance, and alluding to the learned gentleman as "the late Attorney-General for Ireland, who, to the disgrace of the Administration, occupies the chief seat of justice in that country." Mr. Balfour can, with more or less smiling equanimity, stand any personal attacks that may be levied against himself by the Irish members. But if one of his colleagues or assistants in the Government of Ireland is attacked he is up at once, dealing back blow for blow, taunt for taunt. This attack upon the Lord Chief Justice roused him to an unusual pitch of animation, and to the immense delight of the Irish members twice brought him in contact with the Chair. But though there is incessant war of words, and now and then an

angry scene, there has been nothing like the deliberate obstruction of votes which used to mark the Sessions from 1874 to 1885. Mr. Smith's announcement withdrawing the Tithes Bill, abandoning the proposal to amend Procedure by a new Standing Order, and leaving the Land Purchase Bill where it was dropped in the days of June had a naturally soothing effect upon the Opposition. Mr. Smith had given them all, he could do no more, and even Sir William Harcourt might not continue the quotation and add, "though poor the offering be." Practically, nothing was left of the programme with which the Session was proudly started. Only Supply to be voted, and one or two Bills of a non-contentious character to be carried. Thus, whilst the Irish members have talked, they have also let the votes pass at a speed which, though not lacking in deliberateness, is rapid compared with former experience. There is evidently a general disposition so to arrange matters that the Prorogation may be taken early in August, and an end put to what is from some points of view a very memorable Session.

#### MR. STANLEY'S WEDDING

ON Saturday, July 12th, Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, the African explorer, and Miss Dorothy Tennant, second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Tennant, M.P., were married at Westminster Abbey. Up to almost the last moment it was feared that the ceremony would have to be postponed, as the bridegroom had been seized with serious illness a few days before, but he had recovered sufficiently on the eventful morning to go through the ordeal. The wedding was undoubtedly the wedding of the season, and the Abbey was crowded with ticket-holders. As the ladies' dresses were very tasteful, and as there was a great display of flowers, the scenic aspect of the gathering was very effective. It is worth noting that the grave of Livingstone (to whom Stanley owes his original fame) lies in the middle of the nave, and it was distinguished by a yellow square let into the red baize which covered the rest of the flooring, and also by some beautiful wreaths sent by Mr. Stanley and his fellow-travellers



MELCHET COURT, HANTS, WHERE MR. AND MRS. STANLEY ARE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON

in honour of the great missionary explorer, whose remains were buried here in 1873.

At 1.45 P.M. the bridal music from *Lohengrin* announced the arrival of Mr. Stanley, who looked very weak and ill, as, leaning on the arm of Count d'Aarhe, his best man, and supported by a stick, he slowly went up the nave to his place by the altar-rails. After a brief interval, the organ again pealed forth, and the bride appeared, accompanied by her brother, Mr. C. C. Tennant, and attended by two little bridesmaids, aged six and eight respectively, while her train was borne by a nephew of eight, handsomely dressed as a page. Miss Tennant's dress was very beautiful, and among her jewels she wore the miniature of the Queen, set in diamonds, which Her Majesty had given her. Besides her bouquet, she carried a white wreath, which she placed on Livingstone's grave as she passed it. Then the service began. The opening exhortation was read by Archdeacon Farrar, the nuptial rite was performed by the Bishop of Ripon, and an admirable address was delivered by Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity. There was a good deal of music. A new anthem, by Dr. Bridge, "The Blessing of the Lord," and the Rev. S. Flood Jones's marriage hymn, "Father of Life," were sung by the choir; and, as the bridal party passed to the Jerusalem Chamber, there to sign the register, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by Dr. Bridge. The newly-married couple were enthusiastically cheered as they left the Abbey for Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, where the bride's mother, Mrs. Tennant, held a reception in her house and grounds. At 4.20 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley started, amid showers of rice and cordial cheers, in an open carriage, for Waterloo Station, on the way to Melchet Court, Romsey, Hants, the seat of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, lent to them for the honeymoon. On Sunday morning Mr. Stanley was able to take a walk with his wife in the beautiful grounds, but in the afternoon he was obliged to go to bed. The only nourishment he takes is milk and arrowroot. Surgeon Parke, who is in attendance on him, says that, although the attack of gastritis is serious, it is not dangerous.

"Melchet Court," says the *World*, "is a new house, having been practically built by Louisa Lady Ashburton, the one which stood on the same spot, and which was entirely re-built by her husband, Bingham, Lord Ashburton, having been destroyed by fire some years ago. Lady Ashburton re-built the house, and as it is most beautiful and full of very fine pictures and works of Art, no more ideal place for a honeymoon could be found."

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN'S FAVOURITE HORSE is an old native pony called "Golden Flower-Mountain" (Kinkazan). Though fully twenty-two years of age, the pony carried its Imperial master throughout the whole of the recent Japanese manoeuvres.

AN EXCITING WHALE-HUNT took place in the Shetland Isles last week. A shoal of whales appeared off Hillswick, and were pursued with such energy that 160 were driven ashore or killed in deep water, whence they rose to the surface during the following day.

THE REMEDY IS SOMETIMES WORSE THAN THE DISEASE, and the Australians are beginning to doubt the wisdom of importing so many stoats, ferrets, and weasels to exterminate the rabbits. These creatures multiply most rapidly, and are said to have begun attacking children and lambs.



THE TURF.—The only events of importance at the Leicester Meeting last week were the Portland Stakes for two-year-olds, which on this occasion fell to Mr. Houldsworth's Orvieto, Lord Durham's Peter Flower being second, and Mr. E. Blanc's Révérend third; and the Prince of Wales's Stakes for three-year-olds, in which Surefoot, caught in a good humour, recovered his lost reputation. Memoir was second, and Alloway third. At Sandown Park the threatening weather frightened many away, and the attendance was but small, but the racing was good. On the first day the principal race was the Royal Handicap. In this the favourite, Miss Dollar, justified expectation by winning in a canter. Public form was again upheld on Saturday, when Day Dawn won the Surbiton Handicap.

The Second July Meeting, which has become quite a fashionable event, opened on Tuesday at Newmarket in very fine weather. The Prince of Wales was present, but brought no luck to his colours, for his Nandine could only get second to Lord Gerard's Sweet Vernal in the Maiden Plate; and his Pierrette occupied the same position in the Soltkyoff Stakes, Lord Ellesmere's Belvidera II. beating her by a neck.

CRICKET.—Last week at Lord's was disastrous. Not content with preventing a definite decision in the Gentlemen and Players Match, Jupiter Pluvius must needs spoil that between Eton and Harrow. As in the case of the University match there was no play on the first day, and only a little more than two innings could be got through on the second, when the ground was still hardly fit for

play. As it was, Eton, who were thought to be so weak, had by no means the worst of the game. They compiled 108 and 120 for three wickets (G. R. Brewis 44 and 34), while Harrow in their one innings made 133 (A. C. McLaren 76), the fast bowling of D. Forbes being too much for several of their best bats. So the match was drawn. Drawn, too, was the match between the Australians (who, by the way, scored a victory, and not a draw, as we stated, against Leicestershire last week) and Gloucestershire. The Colonists made 408 (Trott 102) and were unlucky not to win. On Tuesday at Sheffield they incurred another reverse at the hands of the Players. Kent had all the best of their match with Notts, scoring 252 for three wickets, to which Mr. W. H. Patterson, making his first appearance in first-class cricket this season, contributed 123, not out, and getting four of the best Notts wickets for 40. The meeting between Lancashire and Yorkshire was also unproductive of result, but Surrey administered a severe beating to Sussex, and so gained the first position in the race for the Championship.

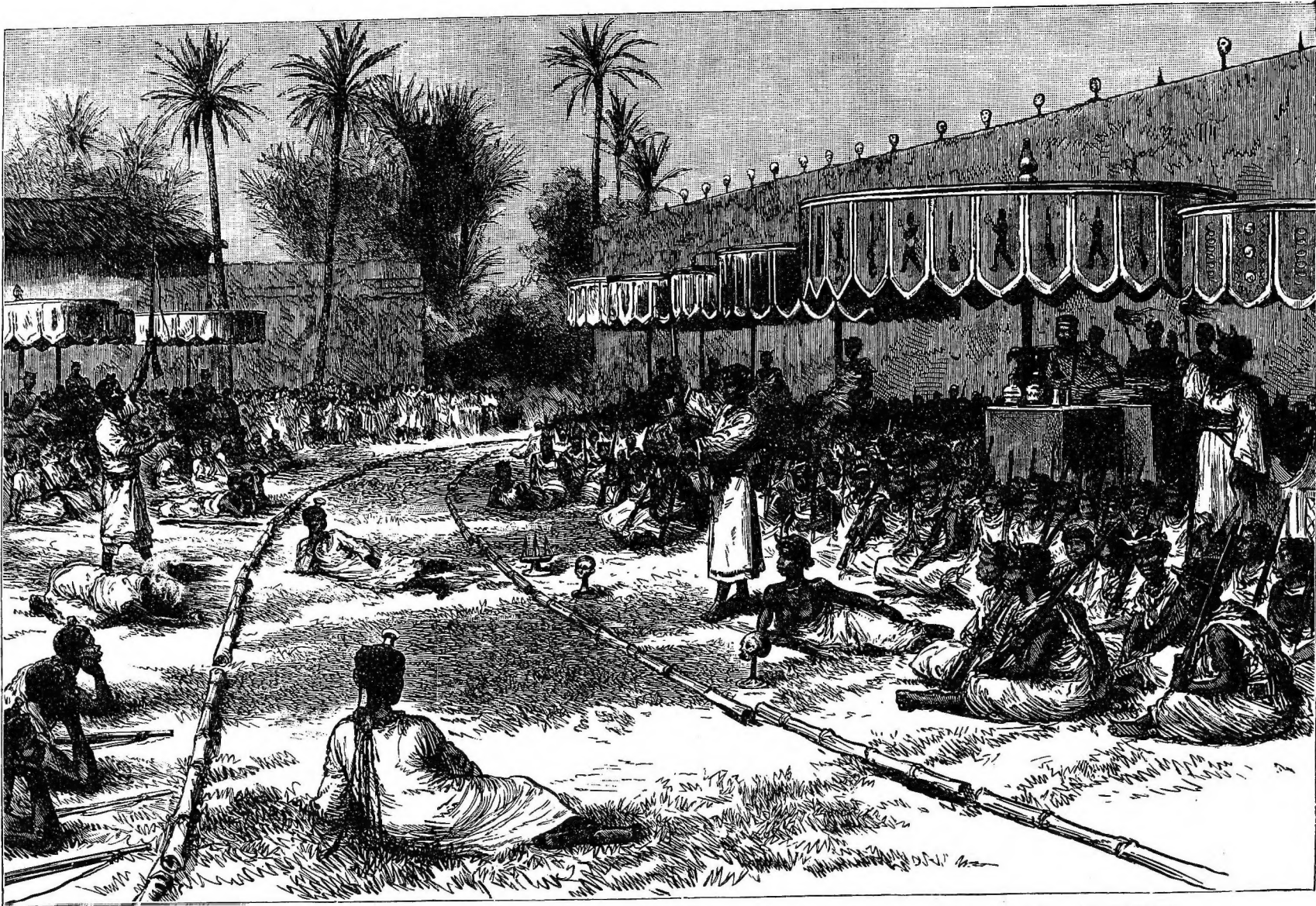
ROWING.—After experiencing its usual dampness for two days, Henley brightened up on Thursday last week, with the result that an enormous company had the pleasure of seeing some exceedingly good rowing. This year, strange to say, Cambridge, which only two years ago swept the board at Henley, did not gain a single final. The Grand Challenge fell to London, who are exceptionally strong this year; Brasenose College, Oxford, won both the Stewards' Cup and the Wyfold Plate; the Ladies' Plate went to Balliol, who scored a somewhat unexpected victory over Trinity Hall; the Silver Goblets to Mr. Nickalls and Lord Amphil; and the Diamonds to Mr. Nickalls (for the third year in succession). The honours of this last race, however, fell almost in as great a degree to Mr. C. G. Psotta, for his sportsmanlike conduct in having his heat with Mr. Kennedy re-started after the latter had fallen out of his boat. Mr. Psotta was beaten, but the cheers which greeted him at the finish were even heartier than those with which the ultimate winner was received. The next regatta was at Marlow where the Thames R.C. regained some of their lost prestige; but, at Kingston, on Saturday, the London men once more asserted their supremacy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—For the fourth year in succession, Mr. E. W. Lewis won the Middlesex Lawn Tennis Championship at the Chiswick Park Tournament. The challenger on this occasion was H. S. Mahony, Dublin University, but he was easily beaten. The Doubles fell to the brothers Baddeley.—The feature of this season's yacht-racing is the success of the *Thistle*. On Saturday at the Royal Northern Yacht Club she added the Queen's Cup to her other trophies. *Isorna* was second.—Only one "record" was altered in the Amateur Athletic Championships at Aston on Saturday—that for the Seven Miles Walk, reduced by H. Curtis, Highgate Harriers, to 52 min. 28 2-5 sec.—The National Cyclist Union Championships on the same day produced nothing remarkable in the way of times, "loafing" being the order of the day.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA is developing much martial zeal. Cadet corps are being formed in Sydney under Government auspices, and already 4,000 boys have joined from the public schools. The New South Wales military authorities anticipate that the corps will prove a valuable training-school for the colonial forces.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS keeps the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession on Monday, and Brussels is determined to celebrate the day, although King Leopold objects to sums being wasted on such festivities. Indeed, at his request, the sums which the Government intended for the State fêtes have been devoted to forming a Pension Fund for infirm and aged workpeople. Thus the official programme for the day is very meagre. *A Te Deum* will be sung at St. Gudule, an address presented to the King from Parliament and the chief State institutions, His Majesty will lay the foundation-stone of an arcade attached to the Palace of Art, and a few illuminations close the evening. However, the Bruxellois take the opportunity for two picturesque historical processions—one representing the famous Flemish giants and popular legends, the other illustrating the struggle of the Low Countries against the Spanish yoke. Groups of William the Silent and his supporters, the Beggars, the execution of Egmont and Hoorn, and the Spaniards under Don John of Austria, are to form part of the latter cavalcade, which will re-open the Place du Petit-Sablon, now converted into a patriotic Pantheon. The monument of Egmont and Hoorn has been removed from opposite the Hôtel de Ville to this Place, and statues of the celebrities of the sixteenth century surround the martyrs' memorial.





THE FRENCH OPERATIONS IN DAHOMEY—A COUNCIL OF WAR AT ABOMEY



MR. STANLEY'S WEDDING—THE CEREMONY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY





DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

On the further side of the encompassing fires stood a young man, between her and Devil Tor.

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &amp;c.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DEVIL TOR

In the very heart of Dartmoor, far from human habitation, near two thousand feet above the level of the sea, but with no prospect in the clearest weather on any side upon cultivated land, stands at present, as stood two hundred years ago, and doubtless two thousand before that, a rude granite monolith, or upright stone, about fourteen feet high, having on it not a trace of sculpture, not the mark of any tool even to the rectification of its rugged angles and rude shapelessness.

In every direction, far as the eye can range, extends brown desolate moorland, broken here and there with humps of protruding rock, weathered by storm into the semblance of stratification.

A bow-shot from this upright stone rises such a hump that goes by the name of Devil Tor; and the stone in question apparently formed originally the topmost slab of this granite pile. But when removed, by whom, and with what object, remains a mystery. The beauty of a vast upland region lies not in its core, but in its circumference, where the rivers have seen for themselves valleys and gorges through which they travel to the lowlands in a series of falls, more or less broken. About the fringe, the mountain heights, if not so lofty as in the interior, show their elevation to advantage, towering out of the cultivated plains or undulating woodland at their bases.

In the centre there is less of beauty, because there is no contrast, and it is by comparison that we form our estimates. In the heart of the upland all is equally barren, and the variations of elevation are small. This is specially the case with the interior of that vast elevated region of Dartmoor, which constitutes bog from which flow the rivers that pour into the Bristol Channel on one side and into the English Channel on the other.

The monolith, blackened by lichen, standing in such utter solitude, was no doubt thought to bear some resemblance to the Great Enemy of Man, and the adjoining Tor was regarded as his throne, on which he seated himself but once in twelve months, on Midsummer Eve, when the Bale-fires flamed on every hill in his honour. On all other occasions he was erect in this eyrie region, peering east and west, north and south, to see what evil was brewing in the lower world of men.

Devil Tor is reached by very few, only now and then does a shepherd pass that way, as the bogs provide no pasturage. The peat there has grown from hoar antiquity undisturbed by the turf-cutter on account of the remoteness of the spot and the difficulty of

transport. The fisherman never reaches it, for it lies above the sources of all streams.

The surface of the moor is chapped and transformed by the chaps into a labyrinth of peaty hummocks and black and oozy clefts, the latter from six to twelve feet deep, running in every direction, and radiating out of each other at all angles. Why the peat is so cleft is hard to say, there is no running water in the gashes, which in many cases go down to the white granite like the fissures in the body of a leper that in places disclose the bone. It would almost seem as though the bitter cold of this region had chapped its surface, and that no soft warm weather ever came to mollify and to heal its gaping wounds.

Evening had closed in, but not attended by darkness, for the whole sky was glowing. The moor was on fire.

The season was that early spring in which what is locally termed "swaling" takes place, that is to say, the heather is set fire to after the dry winds of March, so as to expose and to sweeten the herbage.

The recent season had been exceptionally dry, even for so rainless a season, and the fires that had been kindled near the circumference of the moor had run inwards, gained the mastery, and rioted over the whole expanse beyond control. They leaped from bush to bush, they crossed streams, throwing over tufts of flaming bracken, pelting the further shore, till that also was ignited.

They circumvented bogs, they scrambled up moraines of granite, locally termed *clatters*, they ran up the hills on one side, enveloped their rocky crests in lambent flame, and descended the further side in a succession of bounds, and now they raged unchecked in the vast untrodden interior, where the wiry heather grew to shrubs, and the coarse grass and rushes were dust dry. There the fire ate its way along, a red advancing tide, working to windward, with a low roar and crackle, snapping at every bush, mumbling the tufts of rush, tossing up sparks, flame, and smoke, so that in the general glow and haze every landmark was disguised or effaced.

To no distance could the eye reach, because the whole atmosphere was impregnated with smoke, the smoke red and throbbing with the reflection of the fires over which it rolled. Indeed, the entire firmament was aglow, at one time flashing, at another darkening, then blazing out again as a solar photosphere, responsive to the progress and force of the conflagration.

Crouched at the foot of the great upright stone, that rose over her as the Devil triumphing over his prey, was a girl, with sullen, bewildered eyes, watching the fires as they folded about her, like flame fingers interlacing, to close in and squeeze, and press the life out of her.

Her hands were bandaged. She rested her chin on them. She was a handsome girl, but with the features irregular. She had large dark eyes—possibly at this moment appearing unduly large, as they stared with a vacant unconcern at the mingled darkness and flame. Her complexion was by nature a transparent sallowness, but now it glowed almost vermillion in the light of the burning moor. Her brow was broad, but low and heavy. The face was strange. When the long dark eyelashes fell, then there was in the countenance, in repose, a certain pathos, a look of sadness, of desolation; but the moment the eyes opened, this was gone, and the eyes proclaimed a sullen spirit within, underground, a smoulder of fierce passion that when stirred would burst forth into uncontrolled fury—akin to madness. When the lids fell, then the face might be pronounced beautiful, but when they rose, only the sullen, threatening eyes could be seen, the face was forgotten in the mystery of the eyes.

As the girl sat beneath the great black monolith her brooding eyes were turned as a brake exploded into brilliant flame. She watched it burn out, till it left behind only a glow of scarlet ash; then she slowly turned her head towards Devil Tor, and watched the fantastic shapes the rocks assumed in the flicker, and the shadows that ran and leaped about them, as imps doing homage to their monarch's chair.

Then she unwound the bandages about her hands, and looked at her knuckles. They were torn, and had bled, torn as by some wild beast. The blood was dry, and when she wrenched the linen from a wound to which it adhered, the blood began again to ooze. Her wounds were inflamed through the heat of the fires and the fever in her blood. She blew on them, but her breath was hot. There was no water within the engirdling ring of fire in which she could dip her hands. Then she waved them before her face, to fan them in the wind, but the wind was scorching, and charged with hot ash.

Sitting thus, crouched, waving her bloodstained hands, with the bandage held between her teeth, under the black upright stone of uncouth shape, she might have been taken for a witch provoking the fires to mischief by her incantations.

Suddenly she heard a voice, dropped the kerchief from her mouth, and sprang to her feet, as a shock of fear—not of hope of escape—went through her pulses to her heart. Whom was she likely to encounter in such a spot, save him after whom the Tor was named, and which was traditionally held to be his throne?

On the further side of the encompassing fires stood a young man, between her and Devil Tor; but through the intervening smoke



and fire she could not discern who he was, or distinguish whether the figure was familiar or strange.

She drew back against the stone. A moment ago she was like a witch conjuring the conflagration, now she might have been taken for one at the stake, suffering the penalty of her evil deeds.

"Who are you? Do you desire to be burnt?" shouted the young man.

Then, as he received no reply, he called again, "You must not remain where you are."

With a long staff he smote to right and left among the burning bushes, sending up volumes of flying fiery sparks, and then he came to her, leaping over the fire, and avoiding the tongues of flame that shot after him maliciously as he passed.

"What!" he exclaimed, as he stood before the girl and observed her. Against the ink-black lichen rock, her face, strongly illumined, could be clearly seen. "What! Urith Malvine!"

She looked steadily at him out of her dark, gloomy eyes, and said, "Yes, I am Urith. What brings you here, Anthony Cleverdon?"

"On my faith, I might return the question," said he, laughing shortly. "But this is not the place, nor is this the time, for tossing questions like shuttlecocks on Shrove Tuesday. However, to satisfy you, I will tell you that I came out in search of some ponies of my father's—scared by the fires and lost. But come, Urith, you cannot escape unaided through this hoop of flame, and now that you are contented with knowing why I am here, you will let me help you away."

"I did not ask you to help me."

"No, but I am come, unasked."

He stooped and caught her up.

"Put your arms around my neck," said he. "The fire will not injure me, as I am in my riding-boots, but your skirts invite the flame." Then he wrapped together her gown about her feet, and, holding her on his left arm, with the right brandishing his staff, he fought his way back. The scorching breath rushed about them, ten thousands of starry sparks danced and whirled round and over them. He took a leap, and bounded over and through a sheet of flame and landed in safety. He at once strode with his burden to the pile of rocks where were no bushes to lead on the fire—only short swath, and a few green rushes full of sap.

"Look, Urith," said he, after he had recovered breath, "between us and the next Tor—whose name, by the Lord, I don't know, but which I take to be the arm-chair of Lilith, the Devil's granddam—do you see?—the very earth is a-fire."

"How, the earth?"

"The peat is so dry that it has ignited, and will smoulder down into its depths for weeks, for months, mayhap, till a Swithun month of rains has extinguished it. I have known a moor burn like this all through the summer, and he that put an unwary foot thereon was swallowed like the company of Korah in underground fire."

The girl made no reply. She had not thanked the young man for having delivered her from the precarious position in which she had been.

"Where am I?" she asked, turning her head about.

"On Devil Tor."

"How far from home?"

"What—from Willsworthy?"

"Yes, from Willsworthy, of course. That is my home."

"You want to find your way back? How did you come here?"

"You ask me two questions. Naturally, I want to get to my home. As for how I came here—on my feet. I went forth alone on the moors."

"And lost your way?"

"Certainly, or I would not be here. I lost my way."

"You cannot by any possibility return direct over the bog and through the fire to Willsworthy. I could not guide you there myself. No man, not the best moor-shepherd, could do this at such a time. But what ails your hands? You have hurt yourself."

"Yes, I have hurt myself."

"And, again, what induced you to come forth on the moor at such a season as this?"

The girl made no answer, but suddenly looked down, as in confusion.

She was seated on the rock of the Tor. Anthony Cleverdon stood somewhat below, on the turf, with one hand on the stone, looking up into her face, that was in full illumination, and he thought how handsome she was, and what a fortunate chance had befallen him to bring him that way to rescue her—not from death, but from a position of distress and considerable danger. Even had she escaped the fire, she would have wandered further into the recesses of the waste, becoming more and more entangled in its intricacies, without food, and might have sunk exhausted on the charred ground far from human help.

As Anthony looked into her face and saw the sparks travel in her eyes as the reflections changed, he thought of what he had said concerning the hidden fire in a moor, and it seemed to him that some such a fire might burn in the girl's heart, of which the scintillations in her eyes were the only indication.

But the young man was not given to much thought and consideration, and the notion that started to his mind disappeared from it as suddenly as it flashed out.

"You cannot remain here, Urith," he said. "I must take you with me to Two Bridges, where I have stabled my horse."

"I should prefer to find my way home alone."

"You are a fool—that is not possible."

She said nothing to his blunt and rude remark, but revolved in her mind what was to be done.

The situation was not a pleasant one. She was well aware that it would be in vain for her to attempt to discover the way for herself. On the other hand, she was reluctant to commit herself to the guidance of this youth, who was no relation, not even a friend, only a distant acquaintance. The way, moreover, by which he would take her home must treble the distance to Willsworthy. That way would be, except for a short portion of it, over high road, and to be seen travelling at night with a young man far from her home would be certain to provoke comment, as she could not expect to traverse the roads unobserved by passengers. Although the journey would be made by night, the packmen often travelled at night, and they were purveyors, not only of goods, but of news and scandal. She could not calculate on reaching home till past midnight; it would be sufficient to render her liable to invidious remark were she to make this journey with such a companion alone by day, but to do this at such a time of night was certain to involve her in a flood of ill-natured and ugly gossip. This thought decided her.

"No," she said, "I will stay here till daylight."

"That you shall not."

"But if I will?"

"You will find another will stronger than your own."

She laughed. "That can hardly be."

"Why do you refuse my guidance?"

"I do not want to go with you; I prefer to remain here."

"Why so?"

She looked down. She could not answer this question. He ought not to have asked it. He should have had the tact to understand the difficulty. But he was blunt of feeling, and he did not. Without more ado, he caught her in his arms and lifted her off the rock.

"If I carry you every step of the way," he said, roughly, "I will make you come with me."

She twisted herself in his gripe; she set her hands against his shoulders, and endeavoured to thrust him from her.

He threw aside his staff with an oath, and set his teeth. Her hands were unbandaged. She had not been able to tie them up again, but she held the kerchiefs that had been wrapped round them in her fingers, and now they fell, and in her struggles her hands began to bleed, and the kerchiefs became entangled about his feet, and nigh on tripped him up.

"You will try your strength against me—wild cat?" he said.

She writhed, and caught at his hands, and endeavoured to unclench them. She was angry and alarmed. In her alarm and anger she was strong. Moreover, she was a well-knit girl, of splendid constitution, and she battled lustily for her liberty. Anthony Cleverdon found that he had to use his whole strength to hold her.

"You are a coward!" she cried, in her passion. "To wrestle with a girl! You are a mean coward! Do you mark me!" she repeated.

"On my soul you are strong!" said he, gasping.

"I hate you!" she said, exhausted, and desisting from further effort, which was vain.

"Well!" said he, as he set her down, "which is the strongest—your will or mine?"

"Our wills have not been tested," she answered, "only our strength; your male muscles and nerves are more powerful than those of a woman. God made them so, alack! That which I knew before, I know now, that a man is stouter than a woman. Boast of that, if you choose—but as for our wills!" she shrugged her shoulders, then stooped and recovered her kerchiefs, and began impatiently, to cover her confusion, to re-adjust them about her hands, and to twist them with her teeth.

"And you will remain unbent, unbroken—to continue here in the wilderness?"

"My will is not to go with you."

"Then I use the advantage of my superior strength of nerve and muscle, and make you come along with me."

She took a step forward, still biting at the knots, but suddenly desisted, turned her head over her shoulder, and said sullenly, "Drive—I am your captive." The step she had taken was acknowledgment of defeat.

"Come, Urith," said he, picking up his fallen staff, "it was in vain for you to resist me. No one opposes me without having in the end to yield. Tell me the truth—captive—captive if you will, tell me what brought you out on the moor? Was it to see the fires?"

"No, I ran away."

"Why did you run away?"

She was silent and strode forward, still pulling and biting at the knots.

"Come, answer me, why did you run away?"

"I was in a passion, slave-driver! Why do you say to me, 'Come, Urith?' I do not come, I go—driven forward by you."

"In a passion! What about?"

"My mother and Uncle Solomon worried me."

"What about?"

"That I will not tell you, though you beat me with your long stick."

"You know well enough, little owl, that I will not strike you."

"I know nothing, save that you are a bully."

"What! because I will not leave you on the moor to perish? Be reasonable, Urith. I am doing for you the best I can. I could not suffer you to remain uncared for on this waste. That would indeed be inhuman. Why—at sea, it is infamy for a sailor to leave a wrecked vessel uncared for if he sights it."

There was reason in what he said. That she admitted in her heart. In her heart, also, she was constrained to allow that the difficult situation into which she had fallen was due to her own conduct. Anthony Cleverdon was behaving towards her in the only way in which a generous lad could behave towards one found astray in the wilderness. But she was angry with him because he was too dull to see that there were difficulties in the way in which he proposed to restore her to her home, difficulties which she could not, in delicacy, express.

Anthony did not press her to speak further. He led the way now, and she followed; whereas, at first, she had preceded, in her angry humour, and to maintain the notion that she was being driven against her will. Occasionally he turned to see that she had not run away. She was chary of speech, out of humour, partly with him—chiefly with herself.

The way led from one granite tor to another, through all the intricacies of fissured bog, till at length the two travellers reached a sensible depression or slope of the land, and now the water, instead of lying stagnant in the clefts, began to run, and presently in a thousand rills filtered down a basin of turf towards a bottom, where they united in a river-head.

The aspect of the country at once changed. It was as when a fever-patient passes from incoherent and inarticulate mutterings into connected syllables, and then to clearly distinct sentences. The wandering veins and seams in the bog had found direction and drift for their contents, acquired a cant down which the water ran, and valley, stream, and river were the definite result.

"Now," said Anthony, "our course is clear; we have but to follow the water."

"How far?"

"About four miles."

"And then?"

"Then I will get my horse, and we shall have a direct course before us."

"What, the high road to Tavistock?"

"No. You shall not go that way."

"By what way then will you take me?"

"By the Lyke-Way."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LYKE-WAY

THE whole of Dartmoor Proper is included within the bounds of a single parish, the parish of Lydford. The moor belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall, and at Lydford stood the Ducal Castle. For two hundred years this castle has been in ruins, but stands a monument of possession, and just as the estate has been eaten into and pillaged through a long course of years, so has the castle of the Duke been broken into and robbed, to furnish cottages with stone, and cowstalls with timber.

Parishes when first constituted followed the boundaries of manors, consequently, as the Duke of Cornwall claimed the entire Forest of Dartmoor, that whole forest was included within the parish limits. It is the largest parish as to acreage in England, and has the scantiest population in proportion to its area.

In former times the moor attracted miners, it does so still, but to a very limited extent; extensive operations were anciently carried on in every stream bed in quest of tin.

The vast masses of upturned refuse testify to the vastness of the mining works that once made the moors teem with people. The workers in the mines lived in huts merely constructed of uncemented granite blocks, thatched with turf; the ruins of which may still be inspected. But even these ruins are comparatively recent, though dating from the Middle Ages, for there were earlier

toilers on the same ground, and for the same ends, who also lived on the moor, and have also left there their traces; they dwelt in circular beehive huts, like those of the Esquimaux, warmed by a central fire, and covered in by a conical roof that had a smoke-vent in the midst. Tens of thousands of these remain, some scattered, most congregated within circular enclosures, and hundreds of thousands have been, and are being, annually destroyed. In connection with these are the megalithic circles and lines of upright stones, cairns that contain tombs made of rude stone blocks set on end, and covered with slabs equally rude.

Who were the people that made of Dartmoor at a remote period a scene of so much activity? Probably a race that occupied Britain before the British, and which was subjugated by the inflowing, conquering Celts.

Throughout the Middle Ages, down to the Civil Wars, the tin was much worked, and men living on the moor also died there; and dying there had to be buried somewhere, and that somewhere was properly in the parish churchyard.

Now, as there is but a single road across the moor from Tavistock to Two Bridges, where it forks, one road going to Moreton, the other to Ashburton, and as the main road was of no great assistance to such as desired to reach Lydford for the sake of burying their dead there, a way was made, rudely paved, and indicated where not paved by standing stones, for the sole purpose of conveying corpses to their final resting place.

This way, of which at present but faint traces exist, was called the Lyke-Way. Since the establishment of the prison at Prince's Town, first for French captives in the European War, then for Irish and English convicts, a church has been erected, and a graveyard enclosed and consecrated, for the convenience and accommodation of those who live and those who die on Dartmoor. The Lyke-Way has accordingly been abandoned for three-quarters of a century; nevertheless it is still pointed out by the moor-men, and is still occasionally taken advantage of by them.

In former days, when for weeks the moor was covered with snow, and its road and tracks deep in drifts, corpses were deliberately exposed to the frost, or were salted into chests, to preserve them till the Lyke-Way was once more passable.

Where the Lyke-Way touches a stream, there double stepping-stones were planted in the bed, for the use of the bearers, occasionally a rude bridge was constructed, by piling up a pier in midwater, and throwing slabs of granite across, to meet in the midst on this pier; but these were always wide enough to permit of the bearers to cross the bridge with the bier between them.

It is not to be marvelled at that superstition attaches to this road, and that at night, especially when the moon is shining, and the clouds are flying before the wind, the moor-men aver that there pass trains of phantom mourners along this way, bearing a bier, gliding rather than running, shadows only, not substantial men of flesh. And as, in the old days, the funeral train sang hymns as they went along with their load, up hill and down dale, so do the moor-men protest at the present time that when the phantom train sweeps along the Lyke-Way, a solemn dirge is wafted on the wind of such overwhelming sadness, that he who hears it is forced to cover his face, and burst into tears.

It is said that if one be daring enough to hide behind a rock on the side of the corpse-track when the phantom procession is on the move, so as to suffer it to pass near him, he will see his own face upturned to the moon on the bier that goes by. Then must he make the best of his time, for within a year he will be dead.

Along the Lyke-Way, as the nearest road to her home, and also to his own, in defiance of the superstition that clung to it, did Anthony Cleverdon purpose to conduct Urith.

When she heard him suggest this way, she shivered, for she was, though a strong-minded girl, imbued with the belief of the age. But the power to resist was taken from her. Moreover, along that way there was less chance than on any other of encountering travellers, and Urith shrank from being seen.

On reaching the point where she and her companion touched the Lyke-Way, a point recognisable only by Anthony, who was familiar with it—for here it was but a track over smooth turf, then Cleverdon bade his companion seat herself on a stone and await him. He would, he said, go to the tavern and fetch his horse.

Her opposition to his determination had ceased, not because her will was conquered, but because she was without an alternative course to cling to, without a purpose to oppose to his. She was weary and hungry. She had rambled for many hours before Cleverdon had discovered her, and had eaten nothing. Fatigued and faint, she was glad to rest on the stone, and to be left alone, that she might unobserved give way to the tears of annoyance and anger that welled up in her heart.

In an access of inconsiderate wrath—wrath is ever inconsiderate—she had run away from home—run from a sick mother—and she was now reaping the vexations that followed on what she had done. Her annoyance was aggravated, not tempered, by the thought that no one was to blame for the unpleasant predicament in which she was placed but her own self.

As Urith sat, awaiting the return of Anthony, gazing around her, it appeared to her that the scene could hardly be more awful at the consummation of all things. The whole of the world, as far as she could see, was on fire; it looked as if a black crust were formed over an inner glowing core, like the coal-dust clotted in a blacksmith's forge above the burning interior. There were wandering sparks ranging over it, and here and there a quiver of lurid flame. All that was needed to excite to universal conflagration was a thrust with an iron rod, a blast of concentrated wind, and then the crust would break up, and through its rents would flare out rays of fire too dazzling to look upon, that would swallow up all darkness and dissolve mountain and granite into liquid incandescent lava, and dry up every river with a breath. There was water near the rock where Urith sat, and she again unwound her hands and dipped the bandages in the cool stream.

She was thus engaged, when softly over the velvet turf came Anthony, leading his horse.

"Let me look," said he, bluntly; "let me tie up your rags. How did you injure your knuckles?"

She obediently held out her hands.

"I did it myself."

"How? Against the rocks?"

"No—with my teeth."

"What! You bit your hands?"

"Yes. I bit my hands. I was in a rage."

"We men," said Anthony, "when we are angry, hurt each other, but you women, I suppose, hurt your own selves."

"Yes. We have not the strength or the means to hurt others. Not that we lack the will—so we hurt ourselves. I would rather have bitten some one else, but I could not, so I tore my own hands—with my teeth."

"You are strange beings, you women," said Anthony. Then he threw the bridle on the ground, and set his foot on it, so as to disengage his own hands.

He took hold of Urith's wrists, and the kerchiefs, one after the other, and arranged the bandages, and fastened them firmly. Whilst thus engaged, he suddenly looked up, and caught her sombre eyes fixed intently on him.

"Would you hurt me—bite and mangle me?" he asked, with a laugh.

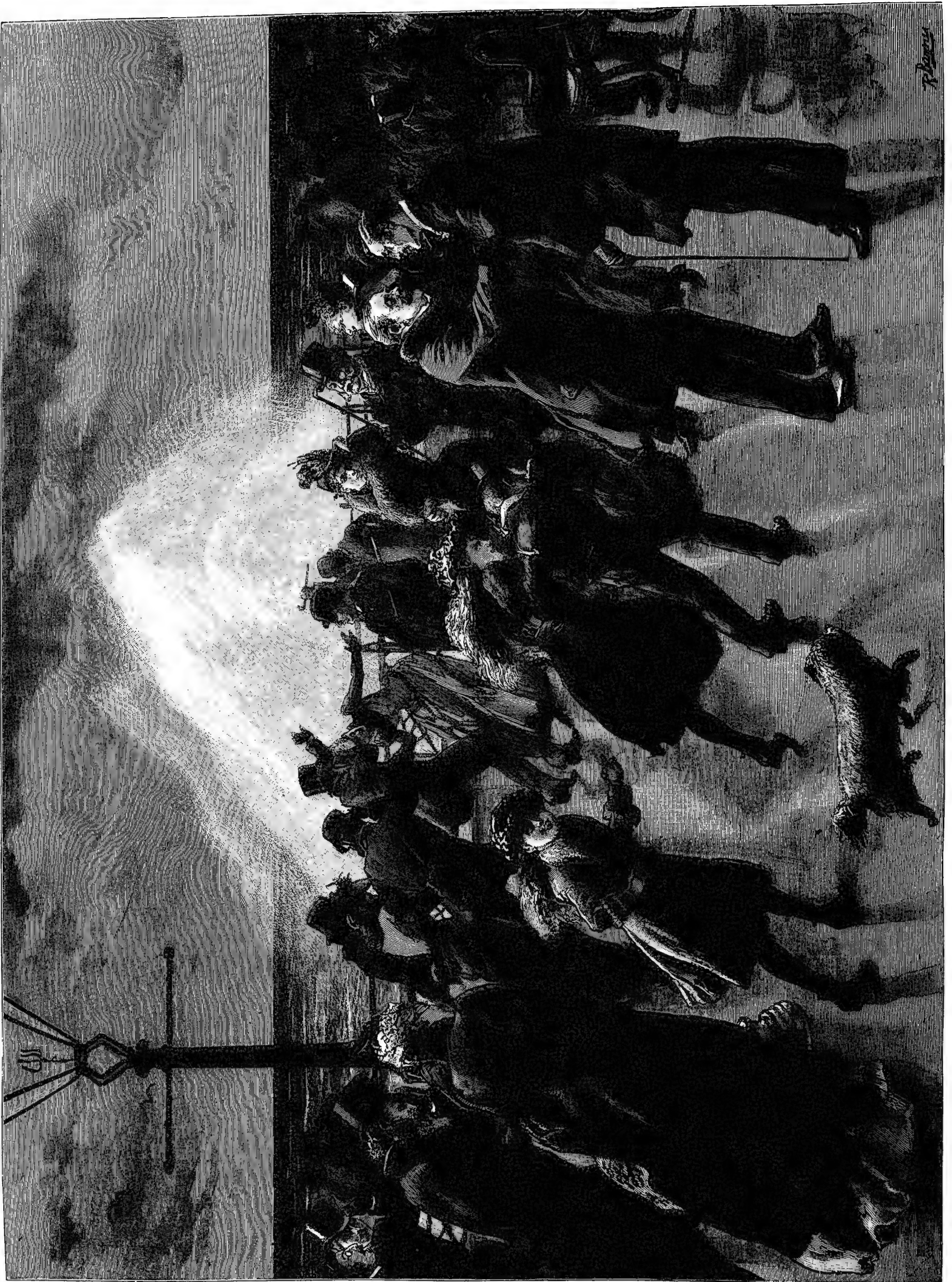
"Yes—if you gave me occasion."

"And if I gave you opportunity."









"CHURCH PARADE" AT BRIGHTON.—A BLUSTEROUS DAY  
DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S.





**"CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE TUDORS,"** by Gilbert W. Child, M.A. (Longmans, Green, and Co.). In this book Mr. Child has set himself to examine the relations existing in England between Church and State in the times immediately preceding, and directly following, the Reformation. The English Church was an integral part of Western Christianity from the beginning, and, from that very fact, existed almost as a separate nationality, being in the nation but not of it, and really owning a foreign potentate as its supreme head. By Henry VIII.'s time, a strong reaction against the Papacy was making itself felt all over Europe, and, in fact, it was only the popular ignorance of the degradation of the Papacy that delayed the Reformation for so long and prevented it from taking far more sweeping in its character. The King was himself a Protestant and no friend to Protestants, and, in fact, had not the slightest intention of separating himself from Rome, but merely of transferring the temporal power of the Pope to his own person. In this he was assisted by Cromwell, whose system of Government was an absolute Monarchy ruling with the support of a subservient Parliament, with the sole reservation that he himself should rule the King. The very fact that the King left the greater part of the ritual and external observance untouched, was the cause of his sweeping changes meeting with so little disturbance or opposition from the nation, for, though the changes were thoroughly unpopular, yet the mass of the people would naturally feel any change of the observance far more than much greater innovations which did not affect them personally. Under Mary, the state of the Church as it existed in the early part of her father's reign was restored as far as possible, but the Queen was unable to recover the confiscated estates, or to alter the succession to the detriment of her sister Elizabeth. It was the haunting dread of the certain revival of heresy acting on her fanatical mind, that caused the Queen to commence the Marian persecutions, but her action had an effect directly contrary to that which she intended, and probably was a principal cause of the overwhelming strength which the Puritans acquired in the next century. Elizabeth held a more level balance between the two parties in the Church, for she had been disgusted by the greed and selfishness of the Reformers during her brother's minority, and horrified by the fanaticism and cruelty of her sister's reign, and therefore did not feel strongly drawn to either side. The plots against her life naturally made her impose severe restrictions on the Catholics, but she was by no means a friend to the Puritans, and was always determined to make it understood that she was the head of the Church and would brook no interference from anyone, not even from the Parliament. The rise of Puritanism as a new enemy of the Church of England began in Elizabeth's reign, and the author brings out very clearly the relation of the Church between the two extreme parties; the Catholic party, which meant treason, and the Puritan party, which meant sedition. The Puritans were quite as intolerant of civil control as the Catholics, and even claimed the power of excommunicating the Sovereign by their Elderships and Assemblies. It was not to be expected that a Tudor Queen after being emancipated from the control of an ancient and magnificent hierarchy, would permit herself to be domineered over by a faction, and consequently the Church of England was kept on a middle course, and both the extreme parties were treated as enemies of the State. In his praise-worthy endeavour to treat his subject with impartiality and absence of bias, Mr. Child has allowed himself to become rather colourless, and gives one the impression that he is afraid of taking a firm grasp of his subject for fear of making his work nothing but a party caricature. However, he improves by the time he reaches his Summary and Conclusions, and his protestations that he has no object in view, naturally make one curious to discover what his aim really is. Nor does it take long to find out that he has set up the modern High Church party as a Turk's head at which to fling his volume, though as he hurls the book as if he trusted no one was looking at him, it is to be hoped that no bones will be broken. The Appendix contains a very excellent collection of original documents and Statutes, which illustrate and elucidate the text, and the whole book is a thoughtful and scholarly contribution to the study of a most interesting and important period in our history.

**"Norwood and Dulwich,"** by Allan M. Galer (Truslove and Shirley). These two suburbs of London appear to have been very nearly in the happy state of having no history, but Mr. Galer has with commendable curiosity unearthed and collected such annals as they possess. Although he has found himself more or less in the position of having to make bricks without straw, yet the author has contrived to write a very interesting sketch of the rise of the two villages which lay in the great north forest, and doubtless all good inhabitants of Dulwich and Norwood will hasten to read his book. Mr. Galer tells us all about the Vicar of the Oak, the Norwood gipsies, and the fashionable Beulah Spa which arose round one of the many mineral springs in the neighbourhood. The modern town of Norwood is also described, with its public buildings, its schools, its free library, and other institutions. Dulwich, too, is traced from the time when it belonged to the Priory of Bermondsey, to the time when the manor was bought by Edward Alleyn, the famous Elizabethan actor, who founded and endowed Dulwich College. A pleasant account of what is known of Alleyn's life is given, and also a full account of the building of the college, and of the purposes it was intended by its founder to fulfil. But though, of course, Alleyn and his college take up the greater part of any account of Dulwich, Mr. Galer has not forgotten to mention the famous old houses of the place, and the different celebrities who at one time or another lived in the village or its neighbourhood, such as Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Mendelssohn, Mr. Ruskin, and Dr. Johnson, whose habit of signing his prescriptions, "I. Lettsom," occasioned the caustic epigram:—

When any patients call in haste,  
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em.  
If after that they choose to die  
Why, what cares I?  
I lets 'em.

The book contains portraits of Edward Alleyn and the Rev. Canon Barber, and also several sketches of old houses and places of interest. A reproduction of a map of the country in 1746 serves as an admirable contrast to the ordnance map of to-day.

**"L'Exposition Universelle,"** Henri de Parville (J. Rothschild, Paris). This stout volume contains a semi-official account of the Paris Exhibition of last year, from its very commencement. M. de Parville has most skillfully avoided the two pitfalls that await the compilers of such a record as this, for he is neither bombastic nor dry, but has written a most charming and interesting account of the Great World's Fair of last year. The illustrations are seven hundred in all, and are exquisitely reproduced from drawings and photographs, but they have one great fault; owing to the size of the page they are far too small, and much of the detail, especially in the photographs, is consequently lost. M. de Parville has done his work remarkably well, and his book did not need the rather silly letter which M. Alphand has written by the way of preface.

**"The Life of Léon Gambetta,"** by Frank T. Marzials (W. H.

Allen and Co. The "Statesmen" Series). Since the death of M. Thiers, no man has occupied so large a space in the political world of France as Léon Gambetta, and the position he left vacant at his death is vacant still. But in spite of his striking personality and magnificent oratorical powers, it is more than doubtful whether Gambetta can be accorded the rank of statesman, for his genius was destructive and not constructive; and when at last he was obliged to assume the reins of power, he, who had done so much to make Government in France impossible, fell, by the weapon he himself had forged, in sixty-six days from his acceptance of office. His great claim to the love of his countrymen is the position he took up at the close of the Franco-German War, when, as Mr. Marzials says, he compelled the world to respect France even in defeat. In spite of the many mistakes he made, his patriotism was undoubtedly sincere, and he used all the strength of his remarkable personality and all the persuasion of his fiery eloquence to lead France in the way which he was convinced would bring her lasting peace and prosperity. And it cannot be said that he failed, in spite of the check he received in the fall of his Ministry, for his death at the early age of forty-four prevented France from again turning to him as her most worthy and capable son. But with the example of M. Ferry before us there is room for doubt. The Universal Suffrage he worshipped tolerates no pre-eminence even amongst its own devotees, and the epithets "Cæsar" and "Vitellius" and a hostile majority were the rewards he received for standing a head and shoulders above his fellow politicians.

**"Funny Stories,"** told by Phineas T. Barnum (George Routledge and Sons, Limited). Mr. Barnum is credited with having reaped a good harvest from the "Briishers" when his show was in London, and this volume may be considered as the aftermath. It is rather difficult to judge of these stories in their published form; for, of course, they lose the advantages given them by the personality and manner of the teller, but the book is a capital one for a railway journey, or an idle afternoon on the river. To tell the truth some of the stories seem rather deficient in point, but readers of such collections are not usually very exacting, and amongst the chaff—in both senses of the word—they will find a good deal of wheat. Not the least interesting part of the volume is the account of Mr. Barnum's experiences in London during the past winter, and one is glad to learn officially that the enterprise of the octogenarian showman was not without its reward.

**"The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey,"** Vol. VIII., edited by David Masson (Adam and Charles Black). The present volume of this excellent edition contains the speculative and theological essays of De Quincey, and includes "The System of the Heavens," "Plato's Republic," the Essays on the Works of Kant and Mackintosh, the Studies on War, Suicide, and Modern Superstition; and the articles on "Miracles," "Christianity," and kindred subjects. The next volume will contain De Quincey's Political Essays.

**"Flash-Light Photography,"** by Robert Slingsby (Marion and Co.). This is another of the most useful photographic handbooks published by Messrs. Marion, and treats in a plain and practical manner of photography indoors at night time by means of magnesium powder flashed through a lamp. The advantages of employing this method are that by its use the operator is enabled to take pictures of interiors, and to photograph family groups in the rooms in which they live, instead of huddling them together in the corner of a studio. Mr. Robert Slingsby writes from the fulness of his own experience on the method of using a combination of magnesium lamps in a room. The book is illustrated by four capital full-plate photographs of interiors: one a family group in a drawing-room, another a crowded ball-room at a children's dance, and the other two studies of a portrait taken at night-time. The book will be of great service to all portrait-photographers.

**"The Complete Press Directory for 1890"** (Shelley and Co.). This is the new volume of the cheap and comprehensive directory to the metropolitan and provincial Press, published by Messrs. Shelley and Co. It gives a great deal of useful information in a small space.

**"The Century Dictionary,"** Vol. II., edited by W. D. Whitney, Ph. D., LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin). The present volume completes the first third of this splendid dictionary, and includes the words from "Conocephalus" to "Fz." The work is illustrated by some excellent woodcuts, and the quotations from English literature are full and to the point. American words and expressions, which are not to be found in ordinary dictionaries, add to its value as a book of reference.

#### HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

##### IV.

THE Parliamentarians relieved Hampton Court from a threatened sale, and made it serve as a residence for the Protector, whose life there was harassed with uneasiness—enemies and plots were sufficiently numerous and active to keep Cromwell's mind in a state of suspense. It is said the barracks there were first erected for the accommodation of the guards, whose presence under the circumstances was not uncalled for.

At the Restoration the Palace was redecored, and made as attractive as possible for the reception of Charles II.; the long canal was a fad of the Monarch's, probably to remind him of his surroundings when a fugitive Prince at the Hague. In May, 1662, the chief incident of Hampton Court life was the Royal marriage, on which, in anticipation, brighter prospects were founded.

The new Queen's arrival was threatened in advance by complications of the King's love affairs; while the Duke of York proceeded to Portsmouth to meet Catharine of Braganza, Pepys, on going to dine at the "Wardrobe," Whitehall, was there informed by "his lady," "How my Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie-in at Hampton Court;" at which his informant "and all our ladies are much troubled, because of the King's being forced to show her countenance in the sight of the Queen when she comes." On this presumption, Pepys and the ladies arranged to pay a flying visit to Hampton Court, and, by five in the morning, the party "were got to the barge and set out." The splendid objects in the Queen's chamber at the Palace elicited their admiration.

Charles and his bride arrived at Hampton Court in great state on the King's birthday, May 29th. "It was arranged that their honeymoon should be spent there," says Heath's *Chronicle*, "as well for the salubrity as majesty of it, being one of the most magnificent structures of all the Royal Palaces."

The judges, the great officers of State, with the Lord Mayor and aldermen, went down to the Palace to see the new Queen, who was accompanied there, as described by Evelyn (May 30th, 1662), "with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous *fardingales*, or *guard-infantes*, their complexions of a dark olive, and sufficiently unagreeable; Her Majesty in the same habit, her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes." There, too, besides the attendant ladies, and the "guarda-damas," or "Mother of the Maids of Honour," he saw the rich gondola sent to the King from the State of Venice; "but it was not comparable for swiftness to our common wherries, though managed by Venetians."

Evelyn was at "the Queen's supper, privately in her bed-chamber;" and later he heard "the Queen's Portuguese music, consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices." Evelyn's visit to pay honour to the new Queen has left us the following impressions

of the Palace as it appeared in 1662, only a short interval before the vast Tudor structure—with its numerous courts and picturesque lodgings and buildings added from time to time, straggling far into what is now the garden front—underwent such considerable modifications at the hands of Wren, under the instructions of William of Orange.

"Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold; also many rare pictures, especially the Cæsarean Triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua's; of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, &c. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8,000*l.*, being a present made by the States of Holland when His Majesty returned, and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and, being bought of her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking-glass and toilet, of beaten and massive gold, was given by the Queen-mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal rich Indian cabinets as had never been seen before here. The great hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents, and other furniture of State. The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweet rows of lime trees; and the canal for water now near perfected; also the air-park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with Sirens, statues, &c., cast in copper, by Fanelli; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of hornbeam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable. There is a parterre, which they call 'Paradise,' in which is a pretty banqueting-house set over a cave or cellar. All these gardens might be exceedingly improved, as being too narrow for such a place."

At Hampton Court, shortly after the Queen's arrival, there was prepared for her the crowning indignity of being compelled to receive Lady Castlemaine, whose name as Charles's mistress was already familiar to her. The King and his favourites spared Catharine no mortification until she publicly recognised and accepted *la maîtresse en titre*, and, in spite of the youthful bride's opposition to so degrading a position, she was finally compelled to the humiliating attitude of accepting Lady Castlemaine as a Lady of her Bed-chamber. The mistress had apartments assigned to her in the Palace, and, while Catharine sat unnoticed, flaunted herself in the Royal presence, the King and his courtiers ostentatiously exerting themselves to curry favour with the ribald Castlemaine, and to slight the neglected Queen. The discreditable complication of affairs at the Palace is graphically conveyed in Mr. Charles Green's picture of "The Merry Monarch Between Mistress and Queen," which appeared in Part III. of the present series.

In August, 1662, Pepys witnessed, from the top of the "new Banqueting House, Whitehall," the procession of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court:—"Anon come the King and Queen in a barge, under a canopy, with one thousand barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them."

The Court withdrew for safety to the Palace at Hampton when London was devastated by the Plague, and the deaths there amounted to nearly 10,000 weekly. Pepys was to and fro from his office upon Admiralty matters, sometimes passing the night on his hired barge. On the Lord's Day he follows the King to chapel, and there hears a good sermon:—"I was not invited anywhere to dinner, though a stranger, which did also trouble me; but yet I must remember it is a Court, and, indeed, where most are strangers." Eventually Pepys was entertained by Marriott, the housekeeper, "and there we had a very good dinner and good company, among others Lely the painter. Thence to the Council-Chamber, but the Council begun late to sit."

The shortcomings noticed by Evelyn, who was so excellent an authority on gardens, were under William III. most expeditiously to be rectified. In July, 1689, Evelyn had occasion to go to Hampton Court about business, the Council being there, and records the alterations being then carried forward:—"A great apartment and spacious garden with fountains was beginning in the park at the head of the canal."

(To be continued)

#### ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS

YEAR by year the artistic publications put forward by our great publishing houses grow more magnificent, and more worthy of the name artistic. It is difficult to do anything like justice in words to these splendid volumes, for it is not too much to say that no firm could have produced them a quarter of a century ago.

Place must be given to Royalty, and the first book to be opened shall be Mr. Timmis' "Chronological, Historical, and Heraldic Charts of the Royal House of England, from King Egbert to the Present Time." The broad pages are glorious with gold and heraldic colouring; for not only are the Royal Arms given as they varied through the centuries, but also the arms of the great nobles who were allied to the Royal Family.

A book of a different description is "A Selection from the 'Liber Studiorum' of J. M. W. Turner, R.A." It is a drawing-book for Art-students, suggested by the writings of Mr. Ruskin, and contains a number of the etchings printed on cartridge-paper, and inserted loosely in the portfolio, so that they can be removed for copying at the student's pleasure. The etchings are most admirably reproduced, and should be in the hands of every art student. It is satisfactory to learn that my Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have given their official sanction to this admirable portfolio, so that even the industrious apprentice need not fear to follow Ruskin's advice, and study Turner.

The magnificent collection of hand-made laces in the South Kensington Museum is not so well known to the intelligent public as it should be; so lovers of beautiful lace have much reason to be thankful to Mr. Allen S. Cole for his portfolio on "Hand-made Laces from the South Kensington Museum," which contains many exquisite reproductions, by a photographic process, of laces of every description, pattern, and device. The plates are so well done that it almost looks as if the lace itself had been laid upon a black background, so clear and distinct is every stitch and knot.

The New England in the Southern Seas sends home the parts of "The Forest Flora of South Australia," by J. E. Brown, F.L.S., to prove to us that the daughter colony can hold her own with the Mother Country in artistic printing. The curious and beautiful shrubs and trees of the Southern Continent are printed in natural colours on pages about seventeen inches by thirteen. The very texture of bark, leaf, and flower is plainly shown, and the letterpress describes the plant not only in scientific botanical language for the learned, but also in the vulgar tongue for those to whom a tree is a tree, and nothing more. Mr. Brown, the artist, and all concerned in the work, deserve the greatest credit for this valuable and useful study of the forest flora of South Australia.

The art of another distant land, but this time a foreign one, is laid before us in "Artistic Japan." In the number for April Mr. S. Bing gives us the life and selections from the works of Korin, a Japanese artist who flourished in the splendid years from 1688-1704. Even the limitations of Korin's art show the genius of the man, and his grotesque outlines frequently convey what no effort of more sober draughtsmanship could indicate. In the study of flowers his





HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

WILLIAM III. AND HIS DUTCH COURTIER IN THE SMOKING PAVILION OF HIS PLEASURE HOUSE BY THE RIVER



was especially happy, and he excelled in his paintings on screens. He is reckoned one of the greatest of Japanese decorative artists. The May number contains a sketch of the theatre in Japan, and is illustrated with wonderful Japanese drawings, showing life behind the scenes as well as the actors on the stage itself, and the audience gathered to look at them. The monthly numbers are beautifully printed and most artistically finished, so that they go near to making one long for all one sees that's Japanese.

It is but natural that the artistic publications of the summer months should include reproductions from the Royal Academy, and accordingly we have the three parts of the supplement of the *Magazine of Art*, known as "Royal Academy Pictures." This record of the pictures of the year is very popular; as, indeed, it deserves to be, for the paintings and sculpture are reproduced in photogravure with the utmost delicacy and fidelity.

A volume of a similar kind is "Academy Architecture, 1890," which reproduces the best of those admirable architectural studies which visitors to Burlington House, having obtained an Academy headache in the oil-painting galleries, generally consider themselves justified in taking as seen. The drawings, however, are well worth examination, and can be studied much more easily in the book than on the walls of their gallery.

Photography is taking so worthy a place in modern Art that it is not surprising there should be many collections of portraits of men who have made their mark in the world. We have four numbers of Mr. Walery's "Our Celebrities" on the table, and they contain admirable portraits of the Duke of Norfolk, Viscount Cross, Messrs. Justin McCarthy, Harry Furniss, Froude, Labouchere, Stanley, Piner, Signor Tosti, Sir James Linton, P.R.I., Miss Margaret Macintyre, and Mr. Sydney Grundy.

The "Dignitaries of the Church" have their own special publication, and in the number for May are given likenesses by Mr. Walker, and most excellent ones, of the late Bishop of Durham, the Rev. A. H. Stanton, and the Head-Master of Harrow. Men of a different world have also their album, and "Sporting Celebrities" for April introduces us to Lord Walsingham and Major Traherne. Both portraits are by Walery, and therefore first-rate. "Sun Artists," edited by Mr. Arthur Boord, is also, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of photography. The subject of No. 3 is Mr. J. B. Wellington, and four plates from studies by him are given in the number. All of them, but more especially "Eventide," are perfect pictures, and show to what heights artistic photography can reach.

We have two numbers of the *Art Interchange* before us. It is described as an illustrated guide for art amateurs and students, with hints on artistic decoration, and it admirably fulfils its promise. With the number for May 10th the *Art Interchange* begins the publication of an edition appearing simultaneously in London and New York. The coloured plates, "An Italian Girl" and a study of "Hollyhocks," are beautifully done.—*Art and Literature* is another of the excellent artistic publications which are issued nowadays by the score. There are capital reproductions of "Onward," by Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., and of "In the Month of May," by F. W. W. Topham, R.I.; and the portrait of Miss Ellen Terry is wonderfully characteristic in its Rembrandt effect. The July part is the first of Volume IV. of the work. *Beauty's Queens* is the title of a new magazine devoted to the portraiture and laudation of the female form divine. The first two numbers contain portraits of Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Olga Netherlands, by the "Graphophone" process; and of Miss Maude Millett and a "May Princess" in Pastel.

From Messrs. Frost and Reed we have received two magnificent etchings. The first is an artist's proof of Mr. Dendy Sadler's picture in the Grosvenor Gallery, "The First of September," which is too well known to require any description. The etching is the work of Mr. Leopold Lowenstam, and renders most accurately and delicately the original painting. The second etching is a gateway of "Glastonbury Abbey," by Mr. Charles Bird. The difficulties of the stone tracery have been most admirably surmounted. These two etchings speak well for the artistic taste of Bristol, where Messrs. Frost and Reed's Galleries are situated.

Though not strictly within the domain of Art, we must notice here an admirable "Photo-Relief Map of England and Wales," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It will no doubt be useful in enabling the young idea to realise that England is not absolutely flat, and that the landscapes in the neighbouring counties are not vivid blue or red, but much the same as those close by the native village.

## TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

### THE SIXTH, OR THE INNISKILLING, REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS

THIS historic corps, which has been just two hundred years on the regular establishment of the British Army, derives its origin from the determined opposition of the Irish Protestants to the forces of the ex-King James II.

During the war which agitated Ireland after the Revolution of 1688—when the Irish Protestants, thankful for the opportunity of preserving their civil and religious liberties, warmly espoused the cause of William of Orange, and fought right stoutly against the Catholic soldiery of King James—the men of Inniskilling were conspicuous for the personal gallantry they evinced on several occasions, whereby they made their name a terror to their opponents, and won the esteem of their English comrades of William's army.

In 1689, six hundred Inniskillings were embodied into a regiment of Dragoons by Sir Albert Cunningham; a gentleman who had been deprived of his office of "Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance in Ireland" by King James, on account of his adherence to the Reformed religion; and the corps thus formed, having been retained in the service of the Crown to the present period, now bears the title of the "Sixth, or the Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons."

Of these gallant Inniskilling troopers, Story, the historian of the war, thus writes:—"I went three miles beyond the camp, where I met the Inniskilling horse and dragoons, whom the Duke (Schomberg) had ordered to be an advance guard to his army. I wondered much to see the horses and equipage, hearing before what feats had been done by them. They were three regiments in all, and most of the troopers and dragoons had their waiting-men mounted upon garrons (small horses); some of them had holsters, and others their pistols hung at their belts. . . . If these men had been permitted to go on in their old forward way, it is probable they would have saved the town of Newry being burnt."

The Inniskilling cavalry prior to January 1st, 1690, were regarded rather as yeomanry than as regular troops; but at that date the Inniskilling and Londonderry forces were placed on the establishment of the regular army. The following is an extract from King William's warrant on the occasion:—

"Whereas we have thought fit to form a regiment of horse, together with two regiments of dragoons, and three regiments of foot, out of our Inniskilling forces, and to take them into our pay and establishment, we do hereby pass this our establishment of the said forces, to commence on the 1st day of January, 1689-90, in the first year of our reign."

Of the corps thus brought on to the establishment of the British Army, the regiment of horse was disbanded after the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697. The two dragoon regiments were, subsequently numbered and designated as "Fifth Royal Irish Dragoons" (disbanded in 1799, and raised again in 1858 as the "Fifth Royal

Irish Lancers"), and the "Sixth," or the "Inniskilling" Dragoons.\*

The three regiments of foot were consolidated in one corps, which subsequently became the "27th, or Inniskilling Regiment of Foot," and is now known as the "First Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers."

Cunningham's Inniskilling Dragoons were at this time with the Duke of Schomberg's army, and they took part in the capture of Bellurbet; in the actions at Cavan and Butler's Bridge; and in the capture of the Castles of Killishandra and Ballingargy. The regiment was conspicuous at the famous battle of the Boyne, where King William led, in person, two squadrons across the river.

In 1691 "Cunningham's" was present at the capture of Ballymore and Athlone; at the battle of Aghrim; the capture of Galway; and in the affairs before Sligo.

On September 5th, 1691, Sir Albert Cunningham with part of his regiment was surprised at Coloony, five miles south of Sligo, by seven hundred of King James's soldiers under Colonel Scott. The enemy killed about a score of the Inniskilling troopers, and took the gallant Sir Albert prisoner. After Sir Albert Cunningham had surrendered, an Irish sergeant approached him, and asked if his name were "Albert." Cunningham replied in the affirmative, whereupon the ruffian speared him, exclaiming, "Then by an Ill-abert you shall die!" (Harris's "Life of King William.")

Cunningham was succeeded in the command of the Inniskilling Dragoons by his Lieutenant-Colonel, Robert Echlin, whose commission as colonel bears date of December 30th, 1691.

In 1708, the Inniskilling Dragoons went over to England, and were subsequently sent to Scotland, where they remained until the Peace of Utrecht.

On November 13th, 1715, the regiment fought at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, when King George's forces met those of the Pretender under the Earl of Mar.

In 1742 the Inniskillings embarked for Flanders, and, during the campaign that followed, they were engaged in most of the actions, including Dettingen, Fontenoy, Roncoux, and Val. In 1758 the Light Troop of the Inniskillings went to Germany, and from that period until 1763—when it returned to England—it was engaged at Minden, Wetter, Warburg, and many other actions.

The regiment again embarked on active service in '93, and was present at the operations covering the sieges of Valenciennes, Dunkirk and Landrecies.

On the memorable 18th June, 1815, the 6th Inniskillings, under Colonel Muter, with the Royal Dragoons and Scots Greys formed the "Union" Brigade, commanded by Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, which supported Picton's Infantry Division. How the Inniskillings and their comrades, of the "Royals" and "Greys," fought at Waterloo is a matter of history. In this glorious action the regiment had, Lieutenant and Adjutant Clusky, 9 non-commissioned officers, 1 trumpeter, 75 privates, and 164 horses killed; and Colonel Muter and 5 officers, 14 non-commissioned officers, 2 trumpeters, 85 privates, and 27 horses wounded.

A long rest followed the crowning victory of Waterloo, and then the Inniskillings were called upon (1853) to take part in the operations in the East. Again were they brigaded with their Waterloo comrades—the "Royals" and "Greys"—and with the Fourth and Fifth Dragoon Guards, the five regiments forming the Heavy Brigade under Brigadier-General Yorke Scarlett.

In the Heavies' charge at Balaklava, the Inniskillings well maintained their reputation, when they and the Scots Greys, "by sheer steel and sheer courage, won their desperate way right through the Russian squadrons."

After the Crimea, the Inniskillings returned to England, and subsequently went to India. The regiment is now in Natal.

The Sixth Inniskilling Dragoons bear, as a regimental badge, "The Castle of Inniskilling," with the word "Inniskilling" below. On their guidons and appointments are emblazoned the words "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," and "Sevastopol," commemorative of the distinguished war services of the regiment.

The uniform of the Inniskillings is scarlet, faced with yellow; their helmets are of steel, with brass mountings and white plumes. The present colonel of the regiment is Lieutenant-General Sir C. C. Shute, K.C.B., whose commission bears date of 28th March, 1886.

J. PERCY GROVES,  
"Reserve of Officers," late 27th Inniskillings.

## MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

AFRICA being the topic of the day, reminiscences of the Dark Continent are sure to be plentiful. So Major A. B. Ellis, in "West African Stories" (Chapman and Hall), provides some thrilling legends and episodes of adventure in ancient and modern times, where pirates and explorers, treasure-seekers and cunning natives, revel in murder and pillage. After all, those brutal customs and rank superstitions of centuries past, which Major Ellis describes in brisk, picturesque style, are matched very nearly by recent events in Dahomey, showing the small effect on the natives of years of European influence on the West Coast. Not that the Europeans themselves are free from the taint of the savage. Many of the tragedies related in "Strange Crimes" (Ward and Downey) are worthy of the most malignant African or Red Indian, though all were committed in civilised lands. Moreover, these latter gruesome histories are true, being gathered by Mr. W. Westall from the reports of notable trials on the Continent, and put into narrative form—some familiar, like the Orsini attempt and the Diamond Necklace fraud, some quite fresh to English readers. Mr. Westall has a moral point in view—the certainty of retribution to the guilty; and undoubtedly his facts are stranger than fiction.—Most of the murder-stories turn upon the point of false accusation, like "Saved by a Looking-Glass" (Digby and Long), by E. H. Wells, the title explaining the detection of a crime on the high seas; or "Sentenced" (Chatto and Windus), by Somerville Gibney, where circumstantial evidence nearly brings an innocent man to the gallows—the truth being most ingeniously traced out.—The hero of "Agatha's Quest" (Trischler) escapes the same fate even more nearly, for if the guillotine had not obligingly refused to work, he could not have been rescued by the lady journalist, whom he afterwards marries in gratitude. Mr. R. H. Sherard draws an amusing portrait of an American editor, but his hero is a poor specimen of humanity; though not so weak as the dandy Frenchman who makes his life miserable, and finally commits suicide because he has sheltered a murderer unawares, and thus become "Accessory After the Fact" (Dean), from the French of René de Camors, by A. Vandam.—The scene changes to the New Zealand Gold Fields, but the theme of mistaken identity is the same for "The Adventures of George Washington Pratt" (Hutchinson). Mr. Vincent Pyke works up some picturesque material into a stirring novelette of mining exploits, tempered by love and jealousy.—There is more novelty, too, in "Hard Luck" (Arrow-smith, Bristol), for the murderer is a homicidal maniac, sane on all points but his aversion to Creoles, and totally ignorant of his fatal tendency. Mr. Arthur A. Beckett fixes his tragedy at Monte Carlo and Mr. A. Vandam also descends on the same notorious resort in "We Two at Monte Carlo" (Chapman and Hall), where a thin thread of love-story connects elaborate disquisitions on gaming systems and sundry intriguing personages. The book most commends itself to intending gamblers.—Those preferring to study mankind rather than the roulette-table may profit by "The

\* The regiment was numbered the "Sixth Dragoons" in the reign of George II.

Adventures of the Adventurers' Club" (Gardner), which purports to set forth some extraordinary nocturnal experiences enjoyed by the members in our own metropolis.—Or if they want a joke after a surfeit of horrors, Mr. Frank Stockton is ready to amuse with the entertaining autobiographies of "Three Burglars" (Sampson Low), narrated when in durance vile.

Medical science next comes into play against crime and suffering, for a far-seeing doctor unveils "A Black Business" (White), and delivers a guilty patient from the machinations of fraternal vengeance. Mr. Hawley Smart seems out of place with such subjects, away from his favourite horses and sporting themes, like another writer of kindred spirit, Mrs. Edward Kennard, who, curiously enough, also turns to the medical profession for "The Mystery of a Woman's Heart" (White). However, Mrs. Kennard is most concerned with another fashionable topic, hypnotism, making her West End physician as successful in love as in mesmerism.—A third doctor is the good genius throughout "Eric Rotherham" (Digby and Long), by Mrs. W. Hall—relieving the poor, aiding the struggling violinist-hero, and finally winning a charming bride.—Other stories gradually descend the scale from sensation to sentiment. Here is the weak hero falling into bigamy, with the misery entailed on various innocent girls, portrayed in "Jack's Mother" (Arrow-smith, Bristol), or the erring heroine who tries to regain respectability in "Her Last Throw" (White), wherein Mrs. Hungerford arouses somewhat false sympathy.—Sometimes the troubles of married life are illustrated, as in "Laying Down the Cards" (Spencer Blackett), by the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, where the couple drift apart till the husband is killed and the wife goes mad; and sometimes the matrimonial woes arise through misunderstandings, as in J. S. Winter's "Dinna Forget" (Trischler). Naturally the authoress must choose a soldier for the hero of her pretty little tale of a secret marriage.—A pleasant, wholesome tone runs through "Frances Kane's Fortune" (Warne), by L. T. Meade, with its sketches of a daughter's self-sacrifice and a lover's steady faith—much superior to the sickly sentimentality of "Laura Montrose" (Digby and Long), by Adela May. The lovely damsel reduced to earn her bread as a governess, yet successful in carrying off the rich baronet from a haughty rival, is too stereotyped a figure, while the touch of vulgarity does not redeem the plot.—The tables are turned in "Only a Fisher-Maiden" (Digby and Long), by A. Macknight, for here the highborn lady marries the lord, leaving the humble girl whose love he had won to die brokenhearted.—Love and sorrow also intermingle in "Romantic Stories of Stage and Ring" (Menzies), a wandering musician giving many sad and a few comic glimpses of life behind the scenes, with some pathetic sketches of childish performers.—The child in "Will o' the Wisp" (Longmans), is as much an actor as if trained on the boards, being too prettily-naturally innocent by far. Mrs. Hugh Bell depicts a regular pickle of a boy, whose pranks are more amusing in theory than they would be in practice, though his mischief brings about a family reconciliation.—To close with a trio of reprints, readers of *Blackwood* will welcome the neat little volume "In the Days of the Dandies" (Blackwood)—the late Lord Lamington's agreeable reminiscences, full of graphic gossip about the celebrities of half a century since, and cut short too soon by their author's death. Another collection of "Tales from *Blackwood*" (same publisher) also appears, with a fresh edition of that clever study of provincial life, "John Orlebar, Clerk" (Cassell).

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MESSRS. F. H. Doulton and Co., of Bevis Marks, have printed for Mr. Ebenezer Chapman his "Holiday Hours and Other Verses." These compositions are simple and harmless in subject, and the author is plainly gifted with no little readiness of apt phrase. Most of his poems are of moral or religious tendency, and those which may be strictly so characterised are distinctly the best. The following, from verses addressed to a dead brother, whose mortal sickness was attended by delirium, need no commendation:—

Yet from our sorrow did we solace win;  
Fierce fever's rage revealed no hidden sin;  
When to the inmost depth thy soul was stirred,  
No word of shame thy weeping watchers heard.  
None in thy nature lived. Thy gentle mind  
Cherished no wish unclean, no thought unkind;  
God's grace dwelt with thee—kept thee undefiled,  
True, tender, lowly, loving: Christ's dear child.

Mr. L. Harlingford North has scarcely been happy in the subject he has chosen for his work, "The Wrong of Death" (Digby and Long), which he justly describes as "A Realistic Poem." The foul crime which immediately brought about the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome has been doubtless frequently repeated since, as in the case of Bertha, the heroine of this little volume, but it does not call for elaborate description. The matter is painful and repulsive, and despite the sound moral with which Mr. North winds up his somewhat free and unrestrained description of outrage, "The Wrong of Death" is not a poem likely to work benefit to the mind of the youth who should peruse it. The poetic merit of the composition is certainly not adequate to condone the offence of the realism.

WHETHER PECKHAM RYE will be extended now depends on the County Council. It is proposed to add to the Rye some forty-seven acres of picturesquely-wooded land, with "Homestead Farm," if 51,000*l.* can be raised. Local authorities and the Charity Commissioners promise 32,000*l.*, and the Council is asked to provide the balance.

AN AUSTRIAN YACHT SQUADRON has been formed by the Imperial Archdukes and some of the nobility. The rules are framed on the plan of the British Yacht Clubs, and the vessels will cruise in the Adriatic, being constructed for scientific research as well as for ordinary yachting purposes. In time of war they can reinforce the Austrian navy.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR continues his programme of economic reform. When the Emperor visits foreign or German Courts he will make no more gifts of jewellery to the various officials engaged in his service, but will present them with his photograph in a handsome frame. Now His Majesty wants to reform German spelling, and intends to summon a Conference of German, Austrian, and Swiss scholars to decide upon a uniform method of national orthography. At present many German States have their own special system of spelling.

STRAWBERRIES being now in full season, London hostesses may like to take a hint from the "strawberry teas" introduced across the Atlantic. The table is covered with a white silk tea-cloth, embroidered with strawberry leaves and blossoms in natural colours, and the centre is set out with growing wild strawberry plants in cut-glass bowls. A few red and white roses scattered about harmonise with the strawberry tint. The china is white, with strawberries in relief, artificial trails of the blossom are fastened across the candle shades, similar flowers are painted on the guest-cards, and a spray of real strawberries lies on each napkin. All the viands served must have some connection with the prevailing fruit, the cakes being accompanied by strawberry jam, and the ice-cream moulded into strawberry shape and hue. "Strawberry shortcake" and cream, "strawberry sherbet" and "strawberry tutti frutti," where slices of pine-apples, oranges, and bananas mingle with the favourite berry, are on the menu, besides ample supplies of the fresh fruit and cream.





“WHO CAN IT BE?”  
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. HATHERELL, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS





RARELY has FRANCE celebrated her National Fête amid such absolute domestic peace as this year. Not one Pretender is active, the Ministry go their way with little opposition, and even the various foreign difficulties do not stir the French people very deeply at present. So PARIS enjoyed herself without drawback, and if, as usual, the aristocracy held aloof from such Republican rejoicings, and omitted to decorate their quarters, the middle-class and artisan districts made up for their indifference by a liberal display of the national tricolour and illuminations. The festivities began on Sunday by an Alsatian procession to the Strassburg Statue, followed by a grand celebration of the centenary of the Federation of 1790. A procession of Parisian and suburban societies, bearing exactly banners like those used a century since, assembled in the Louvre Courtyard to perform Massenet's "Federal Cantata," M. Carnot looking on from a window. Thence the procession passed through an enthusiastic crowd to the Champ de Mars, and repeated the performance before the "National Altar," placed in the Machine Gallery of the old Exhibition. A night-fête was held later, with the luminous fountains playing, and an illumination of the Eiffel Tower. The Paris schoolboys opened the programme on Sunday with their usual review, and crowds then rushed off to the Bois de Boulogne for the march-past of the Paris garrison—always a most popular feature. The splendid appearance of the troops put the public into good humour to appreciate the various evening amusements—out-door balls, free theatrical performances, a Venetian fête on the Seine, fireworks, and so forth. As the weather was fine for the first time for some weeks, the day was a perfect success, scarcely marred by a madman firing at President Carnot with a blank cartridge to draw attention to his grievances, and a mild Boulangist demonstration before the Strassburg Statue—the leader, M. Méry, being locked up for a short time. The Fête was celebrated in the provinces and in Tunis with equal zest. Thanks to the general atmosphere of merry-making, Parliament has done little save dawdle over the direct Taxation Bill, grant 4,000*l.* for the precautions against cholera, and make three fruitless efforts to harry M. Ribot over the Anglo-German Agreement. But neither M. Laur nor M. Brisson could elicit anything from the Foreign Minister, who asserted firmly that Parliamentary etiquette forbade any interpellation on statements made by officials in a foreign Chamber—in this case Mr. W. H. Smith's declarations respecting Zanzibar. The claims to the Algerian and Tunisian *Hinterland* are still loudly advocated, and have revived the project of a Sahara Railway, running from Algeria to Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo.

Meanwhile, GERMANY is somewhat disappointed to find that the text of the Anglo-German agreement differs a little from the versions hitherto given, not to Teutonic advantage. One modification, allotting England a little more territory to avoid tribal division, is due to Major Wissmann—who continues very ill with asthma and rheumatism. However, as soon as the British Parliament ratify the Heligoland cession, the Chancellor will publish a detailed explanation of the agreement. Probably, Heligoland will be transferred next month, when Herr Wermuth will be sent from the Home Office to manage a provisional administration. Prince Bismarck has expressed his opinions on the matter to a representative of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* with his wonted freedom, and, although the *Hamburger Nachrichten* denies the accuracy of the report, it is plain that the substance of the statements is true enough. According to this version, the Prince declared that he would never have signed the agreement, for Heligoland might have been had much cheaper. He recapitulated his difficulties with the Emperor on the Labour Question, stating that he himself had drawn up Emperor William's famous proclamation, much against his own judgment. Once more he reiterated that he did not resign through reasons of health, and complained that the German journals, which were once his devoted servants, had completely deserted him as "a fallen star." Emperor William returns from Norway next week, and the German public are beginning to think about the coming meeting between General Caprivi, Count Kalnoky, and Signor Crispi. More than ordinary interest attaches to this gathering of the Premiers, as it will be their first interview since the present Chancellor took office.

King Leopold does not wish BELGIUM to lag behind in the present race for African possessions, and the proposed Convention with the Congo Free State realises the projects His Majesty has long entertained. By this agreement, Belgium will lend the Congo State a million sterling—200,000*l.* to be advanced at once, and 80,000*l.* paid annually for the next ten years, without bearing any interest whatever. Six months after the close of this period, Belgium may annex the State, assuming its entire responsibilities and obligations, except towards King Leopold, who will renounce all indemnity for the money he has spent. If Belgium declines annexation, the loan shall yield 3½ per cent. interest for another decade, and then be repaid. Last he should die before this agreement expires, the King has made a special will, bequeathing to Belgium all his Sovereign rights in the State; while, in an eloquent letter to the Premier, he points out the advance of civilisation on the Congo since he founded the State, and the need of some colonial outlet for a cramped, busy nation like the Belgians. Public feeling is much divided on the Bill. Most of the Clerical Party approve, and some of the Liberals; but the Radicals declare that money should be spent on defences and improvements at home before considering further enterprise abroad. According to the agreement at the Berlin Conference, France had the first preference for purchasing the Congo State if it was separated from Belgium—an arrangement which would not benefit British interests. The Belgians are far more likely than the French to allow transit for the English across their territory between Nyassa Land and British East Africa.

Rumours of intended abdication invariably follow any absence of Prince Ferdinand from BULGARIA. The Prince's meetings with his different relatives, including Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the head of the family, lend additional colour to the reports, but both Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff deny them flatly. "If three army corps marched into the Principality," declares the Prince, "I should not leave the throne or the country alive." Nevertheless, Bulgaria continues in a state of suppressed excitement, expecting that M. Stambouloff will make some important move to defy Turkey. Over the frontier, in SERBIA, affairs are equally uncomfortable. Efforts are being made to persuade both King and Queen to quit the country during the elections, so as to allow the Cabinet a free hand. Further, Austria has been asked to persuade Hungary to withdraw the obnoxious order against the importation of Servian swine, though, in view of a refusal, the Ministry are planning to export their beasts and other products *via* Salonica. TURKEY rejoices that CRETE has much quieted down, awaiting the arrival of the new Governor, Djavad Pa-ha, who replaces Chakir Pasha. ARMENIA is now the chief trouble for the Porte, as the Armenians themselves have at last plucked up courage to resist oppression. However, the disturbances cannot be hushed up now that foreign countries are noticing the agitation—witness Russia with her warning that the frontier popu-

lation may be tempted to interfere in support of their suffering brethren. The worst fire known in Constantinople since the great Pera fire of 1870 broke out on Saturday in the timber merchants' quarter of Stamboul. The houses being wooden, the fire spread over a large area, and destroyed 1,000 buildings.

INDIA numbers her population on February 26th next, and as this process usually creates alarm and suspicion among the more ignorant natives, every effort will be made meanwhile to enlighten the people on the real meaning of the census. Many of the native community have been welcoming home one of the National Congress delegates to England, but sympathy with the movement wanes visibly. A less agreeable greeting awaited a member of the Jain race on his return from England, for he was attacked for daring to enter a temple at Calcutta when he had lost caste by crossing the sea. Even the magistrate appealed to declined to support his case. Much alarm exists in the Punjab, as cholera has attacked a Ghoorka regiment at Dharmasala, forty-four deaths occurring in two days. The Ghoorkas, too, continue to suffer grievously at Fort White, in the Chin-Lushai country, and a regiment of Bengal infantry has been sent in relief. In UPPER BURMA Mr. Hodgkinson has investigated the cases of all the prisoners in the gaols, with the result that over 500 have been released, and some 800 will be let out in batches at intervals.

Yet another terrible disaster in the UNITED STATES. Following the great heat-wave which lately traversed the country, a cyclone broke on Sunday over the borders of Minnesota and Wisconsin, spending its chief fury on Lake Pepin, an expansion of the Mississippi River, between the two States. An excursion steamer, carrying 150 passengers, was capsized by the storm opposite Lake City, and while most of its human cargo were caught under the vessel, twenty-five persons clung to the keel till the steamer again turned over and washed them off. Boats put out and saved some sixty persons, but the waters were too high for further rescue. Fortunately, fifty other passengers in a barge attached to the steamer drifted away, and reached the shore safely. The cyclone did immense damage over a large area, wrecking buildings and causing much loss of life. Close upon this catastrophe comes the death of the once famous Western explorer, General Fremont, who of late years had been almost forgotten by his fellow countrymen. Fremont's explorations in the Far West virtually added California to the United States, and the exploits of the "Pathfinder" in wild unknown regions fifty years ago are amongst the most romantic episodes of American history. He was the first Governor of California, but was less successful as a military commander. The long conflict on the Silver Question has ended at last. The Conference Bill has passed both Houses, and, being accepted by the President, will come into force on August 13th. As mentioned last week the measure provides for the monthly purchase by the Treasury of four-and-a-half million ounces of silver bullion. Now the Senate is busy with the Tariff Bill, and has passed a measure likely to stimulate American ship-building—the Shipping Bounty Bill—which furnishes a postal subsidy for American ships carrying mails, and a tonnage bounty for native vessels engaged in foreign trade. Shipping interests, indeed, continue prominent, owing to the various fishery disputes. Thus, an additional grievance is created by NEWFOUNDLAND seizing a United States schooner for landing fish without a permit. A largely-increased number of American vessels, too, are fishing off the CANADA coast, where the catch has been double that of last season. Like her neighbour, the Dominion laments a serious catastrophe on the water. A wharf at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, being overcrowded to watch the arrival of a new ferry-boat, the supporting chains broke, and the landing-stage gave way, precipitating fully 100 persons into the harbour. Many were drowned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cholera still affects SPAIN, spreading throughout Valencia, and the people conceal the presence of the disease as long as possible to avoid the strict sanitary measures enforced by the authorities. From May 13th to Saturday last 445 persons were attacked, and 251 died.—AUSTRIA is quietly increasing her peace effective, so that 30,000 men will be added to the army by the autumn. Count Kalnoky is better.—In ITALY the Pope has left the Vatican for the first time since his accession. Wishing to visit a sculptor, he drove through a small portion of the city, the Guards at the Royal Mint presenting arms as he passed.—PORTUGAL is delighted with the success of her flotilla on the Zambesi, one of the vessels being the first to pass the Lupata Rapids and reach Tite.—EGYPT has again delayed the collection of the obnoxious *corvée* tax, hoping that France will yet yield. The European shop assistants in Cairo and Alexandria have struck against Sunday labour.—The financial crisis in the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC and URUGUAY continues. Gold is at a very high premium.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir J. Gordon Sprigg and the Cape Ministry have resigned as expected, owing to the defeat of the Premier's elaborate railway schemes. Sir Henry Loch first asked the Opposition Leader, Mr. Sauer, to form a new Cabinet, but the latter advised the Governor to entrust Mr. Rhodes with the task.



THE QUEEN deferred her departure from Windsor for the Isle of Wight until yesterday (Friday). Her Majesty entertained numerous visitors at the Castle before leaving, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Orléans, and Dom Pedro of Saxe-Coburg luncheon with the Royal party on Saturday, while Prince and Princess Christian, the Bishop of Wakefield, and Mr. and Mrs. Goschen were among the guests at dinner. The Spanish Ambassador also had audience to take leave of the Queen. Next day Her Majesty, with the Empress Frederick and the rest of the Royal Family, attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Bishop of Wakefield preached. Prince Alexander of Teck afterwards lunched at the Castle. On Monday the Queen, the Empress Frederick, with her daughters and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came up to the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden-party at Marlborough House. Next evening the German Ambassador, Lord and Lady Reay, and Sir W. White dined at the Castle. Her Majesty and the Royal party went to Aldershot on Wednesday for a Review, and afterwards the Empress Frederick and daughters left for Portsmouth, whence the *Victoria and Albert* conveyed them to Gibraltar on their way to Athens to visit the Crown Princess of Greece. Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe also left for Germany, whence Emperor William is expected at Osborne on August 4. The Queen now remains at Osborne for a month, and will then go to Balmoral, being joined by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg after a two months' trip on the Continent. The Prince and Princess reached Darmstadt on Saturday, on their road to Ober-Ammergau.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters on Saturday went to Bisle, where they inaugurated the new quarters of the National Rifle Association. The Princess fired the first shot, and the Royal party inspected the lads from the Gordon Boys' Home, and took tea at the Cottage before returning to town. At Waterloo Station, also, they inspected the 1st Yorkshire Regiment, which bears the title of the Princess of Wales' Own, through having

furnished the first guard of honour to the Princess on her arrival in England. In the evening the Prince and Princess with Princess Victoria accompanied the Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred to the Opera. Next day the Royal party went to church as usual. The Prince and Princess entertained the Empress Frederick and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at lunch on Monday, and afterwards gave a garden party at Marlborough House, attended by all the members of the Royal Family in England, and favoured by fine weather. They were again at the Opera in the evening, and on Tuesday went down to Newmarket for the races. The Prince and Princess visit South London next Thursday, when the Prince lays the foundation stone of the new buildings for the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, and also the memorial stone of the new nave of St. Saviour's, Southwark. On the next evening the Prince and Princess give a ball, the closing event of the season, and in the following week they go to Goodwood for the races, before taking up their quarters on board the *Osborne* off Cowes for the usual fortnight. Thence they go to Germany and Denmark.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale on Wednesday laid the foundation stone of the New Courts of Justice at York and opened the summer display at the Yorkshire Fine Art Exhibition.

There will be a regular family gathering in the Isle of Wight shortly. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will stay at Albert Cottage, and Princess Louise at Kent House, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left on Tuesday for Osborne Cottage, for a fortnight's visit, until the Duke takes up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, on August 4th. Before leaving town, the Duchess and daughters inspected the Russian pictures at the Goupil Gallery on Saturday.—The Duke of Connaught was at Bisle on Saturday, and on Monday the Duchess accompanied Princess Christian to Mrs. Jeune's drawing-room meeting on the improvement of the condition of Indian women.—Princess Christian on Thursday distributed the prizes of the Prince Consort's Association in Windsor Park.—Princess Louise on Tuesday opened a *fête* at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, in aid of the Kent Nursing Institution, and next evening went to Lady Borthwick's concert.



"ESMERALDA."—Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, originally produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane, in English, in 1833, was performed in French for the first time at Covent Garden on Saturday. Mr. Thomas had made a complete revision of the work, touching up the score in various places, adding a new and elaborate ballet in the scene in *Fleur de Lys* house in the second act, and entirely re-writing the fourth act. The general character of the music, in which the special features of the French operatic style are so strongly marked, remains however the same. The alterations in the fourth act are of considerable importance. They comprise a new scene in the dungeon, borrowed from Victor Hugo's operatic libretto *La Esmeralda*, and in which the interview between the imprisoned hero and the priest, Claude Frolo, takes place; a new song for Esmeralda; a song with a bell accompaniment for the hunchback, Quasimodo; and a new *finale*, in which the "happy ending" is abandoned, and Captain Phœbus dies of his wounds, upon which Esmeralda commits suicide. The new matter is not altogether an improvement, for the duet in the prison is strongly reminiscent of *Faust*, and the introduction in the dungeon-scene of a choir of unseen angels, accompanied by the organ, is amusingly inappropriate. Madame Melba was understood to be suffering from indisposition, and her tame impersonation of the part of Esmeralda may therefore be excused. M. Dufriche was, however, hardly so good a Quasimodo as Mr. Crotty, but the rest of the parts were in thoroughly capable hands, the cast being, on the whole, a remarkably strong one. No better representative of the part of Captain Phœbus than M. Jean de Reszké could, indeed, possibly be desired. The Polish tenor looked the gay captain of Archers to the life, and his part in the love-duet in the third act was admirably rendered; M. Lassalle, too, was a noble Claude Frolo, although, at times, his intonation was somewhat uncertain. The minor parts were safe in the hands of Mdlle. Pinkert, M.M. Montariol and Winogradow; while Signor Randegger, who was part author of the English libretto, conducted.

The next production at Covent Garden will be *Hamlet* in French, with M. Lassalle, Madames Melba and Richard in the chief parts. The season will close on Monday, the 28th inst. with a special performance of *Carmen* in French, in which, for the only time this season, M. J. de Reszké will play José, M. Lassalle the Toreador, and Miss De Lussan, Carmen.

MASTER MAX HAMBURG.—A young Russian pianist, only ten years of age, named Max Hambourg, made his first London appearance at a recital at Prince's Hall, on Saturday. It cannot be said that the *début*, on the whole, was a complete success. It was, of course, hardly fair to submit a boy of ten to the arduous test of playing Beethoven's "Funeral March" sonata and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Such music is hopelessly beyond the powers of any child of such tender years. It will, therefore, be no matter for astonishment that Master Hambourg gained his chief successes in music of a far less severe character, and particularly in Schumann's "Des Abends" and "Schlummerlied." In Chopin's Valse in A minor he showed a very pretty touch, and the young performer afterwards gave a capital rendering of a transcription by Balakineff of the Russian air, "The Lark." He also played for an encore Schubert's *Moment Musical* in F minor, and lastly Chopin's Mazurka in F minor. Max Hambourg is undoubtedly a clever child, but he needs strict training, and particularly plenty of practice, in order that he may overcome a tendency to false notes. He was warmly cheered at Prince's Hall, and at the end of the performance was presented with a nosegay of flowers, and (which doubtless he even still better appreciated) a box of sweets.

"COSI' FAN TUTTE."—Mozart's opera, *Così fan tutte*, which has not been witnessed in London since 1873, was revived by the students of the Royal College of Music at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday. Notice of the performance cannot now be given, but a word of hearty praise should be extended to the admirable English version which had been specially written for this performance by the Rev. Marmaduke Browne. Mr. Browne has wisely avoided the example of many of his predecessors, who made drastic alterations in Da Ponte's story. The original libretto may be a silly one, but to wholly change the plot, and to put Mozart's music to words and situations for which it was never written, are quite indefensible. The story of *Così fan tutte* turns upon a wager made by two Neapolitan officers that for twenty-four hours they will allow the constancy of their sweethearts to be put to its test. They accordingly disguise themselves as Albanian merchants, and each pays his addresses to the other's *fiancée*. The situation is the more ridiculous inasmuch as the ladies are supposed to be wholly unable to recognise not only their sweethearts, but also their waiting maid, who disguises herself as a doctor, and subsequently as a notary. The best of the music is in the first act, which includes the tenor air, "Un aura amorosa," and some of the concerted music, and particularly the first *finale*.



CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the last Richter Concert given on Monday a familiar programme included Lohengrin's farewell to the Swan, deliciously sung by Mr. Lloyd, and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, of which a remarkably fine performance was given.—Herr von Zur Mühlen, a Russian by birth, but who is celebrated as a singer of German *lieder*, gave a vocal recital last week. The upper notes of his voice are less grateful than the middle and lower registers, but the strong artistic feeling and exquisite taste for which this vocalist is celebrated were exemplified in Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and two songs by Hans Schmidt.—For the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, a programme of Handel's music was performed at Westminster Abbey on Thursday last week. Selections from *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* were given by a choir of three hundred voices, and amongst other things Madame Nordica sang "Let the Bright Seraphim," and Mr. Lloyd gave a splendid delivery of "Sound an Alarm."—Madame Madeline Schiller at her recital on Monday played a miscellaneous programme, which included several pieces by Chopin and Liszt, three of Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and Beethoven's Waldstein sonata.—Madame Patti was announced to make her last appearance this season at the Albert Hall on Wednesday.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Norman Salmond, a young Yorkshire bass who last year sang at the Popular Concerts, has been engaged by Sir Arthur Sullivan to play the part of Richard Coeur de Lion in *Juanhoe* at the new Cambridge Circus Theatre.—Mr. Hamish McCunn has resigned his commission to compose a new cantata for the Norwich Festival, as he has not time to complete the work.—Mr. Frederic Corder is engaged upon an opera entitled *Ossian*, and also upon a translation of Grieg's setting with orchestral accompaniment of Björnson's poem *Berghot*.—The Italian papers announce that Signor Tamagno is about to retire from public life.—M. Rubinstein, who last week visited Oberammergau, has now gone to the Black Forest holiday-making.—Madame Patti's next London concert will be given on November 3rd.

## THEATRES

THE jaded playgoer who is always pining for something fresh and truthful—something which betokens observation of life as opposed to a mere re-dressing of the too-familiar puppets of the playwright's conventional world—has just now an excellent opportunity of showing his sincerity. Freshness and disregard of stage tradition are the pre-eminent characteristics of the new play which Mr. Buchanan has fashioned out of a novel by Miss Rhoda Broughton, and produced at the LYRIC Theatre; but the obligations which the author of *Sweet Nancy* has conferred upon the playgoing public do not end here. He has not only furnished an original and interesting play, but contrived to get it acted by a company who are with scarcely an exception able to free themselves from that besetting failing of their profession—a tendency to fall into the vein which is popularly known as “stagey.” There are no intricacies of plot, no very startling situations, no “sensations” of any kind; but the story is nevertheless interesting, and the types of character are admirable both in themselves and in the skill with which they are contrasted in the working-out of a clearly-defined purpose. All that happens between the rising and the fall of the curtain upon the third and last act may be summed up in the facts that a middle-aged officer in the Army falls in love with a schoolgirl, marries her, grows needlessly jealous *à propos* of her alleged flirtations during his absence abroad, discovers his mistake, and finally takes her to his arms again. Yet the spectators follow the history of the courtship and wedded life of General Tempest and Nancy Grey with a constantly increasing sympathy, and find in the dialogue and incidents of the play—in spite of some occasional redundancies which may easily be removed—unfailing entertainment. For this fortunate result the author is indebted in no small degree to Miss Annie Hughes' delightful portrait of the impulsive, wayward, but thoroughly sound-hearted heroine, whose career puts in so strong a light the truth of the maxim that if a free and open nature and a habit of giving unconstrained utterance to thoughts and feelings in plain English have their inconveniences, they may also have their countervailing advantages. Nancy is at all events a very natural as well as a very womanly personage. We not only grasp her character, but we also understand how it has been nurtured and developed in the unruly playground of Mr. Grey's ill-regulated establishment. The very frankness and honesty of the overgrown schoolgirl appear to be fostered by the harsh domestic despotism and systematic self-seeking of her father—a character played, by the way, with a very artistic eye to essentials and a true sense of humour by Mr. Hendrie. It is the natural antagonist of an unsophisticated nature. The General is the man of her father's choice, and Nancy does not pretend to have any sentimental regard for him; but what regard she does profess is at least honest, and the spectator is quite prepared to find her feeling towards her high-minded and chivalrous husband develop into genuine affection. If Mr. Henry Neville would but pitch the tone of the elderly officer's passion in a little less heroic vein, the situation would gain a touch of truth. “Bobby,” “The Brat,” and “Tow-Tow,” together with their brother Algeron, aged twenty, who falls so romantically in love with the “grass widow,” Mrs. Huntley—the evil genius of the story—are cleverly “differentiated,” and presented with wonderful spirit by Mr. Hallard, Master Walter Highland, Miss B. Ferrar, and Mr. H. V. Esmond respectively; while Miss Harriet Jay gives a pleasing individuality to the portrait of Barbara, who in the play fills a less important part than in the novel. We are not quite sure whether the perfect harmlessness of its story will recommend the piece to the jaded playgoer; but we are certain, at least, that *Sweet Nancy* ought to prove to be one of the most popular of the recent productions of our stage.

Not much is to be said in favour of the new comedy of manners written by Mrs. Fairfax, and brought out by that lady at what was described as "a farewell *matinée*," under the title of *The Best People*, at the GLOBE Theatre on Monday. Mrs. Fairfax is a lady well known in society; and "society" mustered on the occasion in some force, the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, being of the number. This may be said to have been a generous course, for it was understood that the failings of "society" in these degenerate days were to be mercilessly exposed. Mrs. Fairfax's personages, however, belong too obviously to the domain of caricature for effective satire, and the story of the piece proved to be too incoherent and purposeless for serious criticism. Mrs. Fairfax herself played a prominent character, with as much success as could be expected under these conditions; and Miss Essex Dane, a young actress who lately made a promising *début* at the Adelphi, gave in another part very decided evidences of natural gifts, among which is the possession of an excellent and well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt concluded her engagement at HER MAJESTY's on Saturday last, in a characteristically energetic fashion, by giving in one day two performances of her exceptionally arduous part in *La Tosca*. The weather and the rumours that have gone abroad regarding her state of health have exercised an evil influence upon Madame Bernhardt's season, which has been, probably,

the least successful of any since her first appearance in London. For all that the great actress played on Saturday night, albeit before a somewhat thin audience, with no whit less than her customary force and fertility of resource.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's announcement in his valedictory address on Saturday evening that he intends, when the HAYMARKET reopens, to give one night a week to some other performance than that which occupies the regular evening bill, has created quite a flutter among those who, whether on duty or on pleasure bent, make a point of being at all "first nights." It does not, however, follow that the Haymarket Monday will be all novelties. Fifty-two "trial Mondays" in a year would be a little too much. All that Mr. Tree presumptively aspires to is to break in some degree the monotony of long runs.

With the exception of the Madison Square Theatre, at which Mr. Richard Mansfield is impersonating the famous "Beau" Brummel in a highly successful new drama, playhouses in New York are all closed on account of the heat. Concerts and operas alone keep open doors. One enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Mansfield in the Press describes the situation in the words: "Standing like an unconquered Napoleon upon a triumphant St. Helena, Mansfield looks down upon a sea of music."

In the new drama of Messrs. Sims and Buchanan, which is to be brought out at the ADELPHI, there is, it is said, a priest who will relate how a hopeless passion induced him to devote his life to religion. At present the latest example of this familiar stage figure is the Abbé Dubois at the Haymarket. The type seem to be traceable, through a now rather long succession, to Lamartine's once popular *Jocelyn*.

The season at the ST. JAMES's has come to a somewhat abrupt termination. The reason assigned is the indisposition of Mr. Bouchier, who, it will be remembered, undertook the management of this house in consequence of Mrs. Langtry's recent illness.

A new modern three-act play, written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer and Mr. H. Hamilton, will be produced at a *matinée*, on the 30th inst., for the benefit of Mrs. Beverly, widow of the late distinguished scenic artist.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, though still in a precarious state, is stated to have been a little better this week.

*New Lamps for Old*, at TERRY'S Theatre, will be withdrawn after the present week. A new comedy by Mr. Arthur Law, entitled *The Judge*, is in preparation.

On Monday next Mr. Nat. Goodwin, an American actor of some note, will make his appearance at the GAIETY in a piece called *A Gold Mine*, which has already been played in New York. Both play and actor will be new to London.

# New Music

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO. — "Te Deum Laudamus," by George Blake Winter, has much to commend it to the attention of small amateur choirs: it is melodious, and void of all difficulties. There is a brief and pleasing tenor solo, and a quartett which may be taken by the choir, if desirable.—No. 67 of Weekes and Co.'s "Series of Glees, Part Songs," &c., is "Twilight," a quartett for S.A.T.B., music by C. Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac., Oxon; words by Thomas Moore. This graceful part-song should be sung unaccompanied, and will be heard to advantage on the water or at a picnic under the trees.—Two very pleasing drawing-room songs, music by Gerard F. Cobb, are "Eventide," words by Sir Walter Scott; and "The Good Old Days," the words of which, by G. Hubi Newcombe, have a quaint old style that accords well with the music, which is of medium compass.—A pretty little song is "O! I Wonder," written and composed by Claude Loraine and Alice Hart, R.A.M.—Lord Tennyson's charming poem "Crossing the Bar" has been set to appropriate music by Philip G. Scorey.—"Constant Ever," words from the *Family Herald*, music by Charles F. Westoby, is a love-song of an ordinary type. The like has been written and composed scores of times before.—There is a quaint and original ring in a song of medium compass, "A Tune with Pleasant Words," words by N. P. Willis, music by Charles Gardner.—A cheery tale of a sailor's love is "Jack's Fancies," written and composed by J. Stewart and J. L. Phillips.—"In the Minster," the pathetic words by W. Pockington, the music by Livesey Carrott, although of a well-worn type, will find many admirers.—There is dash and vigour in "Cavalier War Song," words by "Anon," music by Arthur Ray.—A very amusing skit on one of the follies of the day is "Advertisements," a very comic song, words and music by Herbert Tucker.—Most of us are familiar with the name of Samuel Wesley as the composer of many standard anthems, chants, &c. "A Selection of Pianoforte Works" by Samuel Wesley, edited and fingered by his daughter, are chiefly noteworthy for a March in B flat, composed by this infant prodigy when between seven and eight years old, and scored for a military band; it is entitled "A New March, as Performed upon the Parade and at St. James's." In an extract from the diary of the precocious boy's father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, we learn some interesting particulars concerning the first performance of this March, which shows a remarkable amount of talent in so young a child. No. II. of this collection is a well-known Christmas Carol, varied as a rondo. No. III. is a sonata (introducing a fugue from a subject of Mr. Salaman's); both these pieces are quaint and original.—No. 32 of "Favourite Melodies for Violin and Piano," arranged by Frederic Weekes, A.R.A.M., is Handel's "Lascia Ch' Io Pianga;" No. 33, is Meyerbeer's "Robert, Toi Que J'Aime;" both these pieces are satisfactory additions to the repertory of players on these instruments.—Four pianoforte pieces which will be appreciated in the drawing-room after dinner are: "Etude Tarantelle," *pour piano*, by B. Albert; "Romance in A Flat," by H. Martyn Van Lennep; "The Guards' Parade" (Marche Brillante); and "From Austral Shores," gavotte" (from First Orchestral Suite), by George H. Clutsam.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Te Deum Laudamus," set to chants in varied form, by E. A. Sydenham, will find favour with Church choirs of ordinary capacity; the chants are composed by R. Brown-Borthwick, harmonised and arranged by E. A. Sydenham (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).—A four part-song of no mean merit is "Selené" ("Sister of the Dawn"), words by T. Smith, music by John Henry (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—A song which will be a favourite wherever it is heard, is "Back to the Old Love," the poetical words by Clifton Bingham, music by F. Paolo Tosti ("Love Light," song with violin or flute and cello accompaniment *ad lib.*, written and composed by C. Hubi Newcombe and Thomas Hutchinson, is well worthy the reputation of its popular *collaborateurs*; it is published in four keys (Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co.).—A sacred song suitable for Sundays at home and abroad is "Thine for Ever," words by Mary Fawler Maude, music for mezzo soprano or tenor by George Kennett (Aubrey's Music Warehouse, Leamington).—A pleasing song of medium compass is "Dream-Singing," words by Frances Ridley Havergal, music by George R. Ceiley (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Two fairly good pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are "Gayotte Fantastique," by Frank Ketcher (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.); and "Gigue in G," by H. Marshall (Messrs. Methuen and Co.).



ICELAND has been attacked by the influenza epidemic. Several fatal cases have occurred in the south-west of the island.

MAJOR PANITZA'S MEMORY is kept green by his sympathisers at Sofia. A few days ago, the tree where the unfortunate conspirator was shot was found to be encircled with a white linen band, bearing in big red letters the words "Sleep in peace, dear comrade Panitza, Ferdinand's tomb will be here in 1890." Only soldiers can approach the tree, as it stands in the drill-ground, and accordingly the camp is being kept under strict watch to discover any traitor.

LITERARY TASTE in the EAST END is improving, to judge from the half-yearly report of the Free Library at the People's Palace. So many technical and scientific works are in demand, that they run a very close second to the novels, which still take the lead in popularity. Altogether, 35,558 volumes were issued from the Library during the six months from January to July, and 204,649 persons utilised the Library and reading-room. Some 1,532 volumes have been presented to the Palace this year, including the library of the late Wilkie Collins.

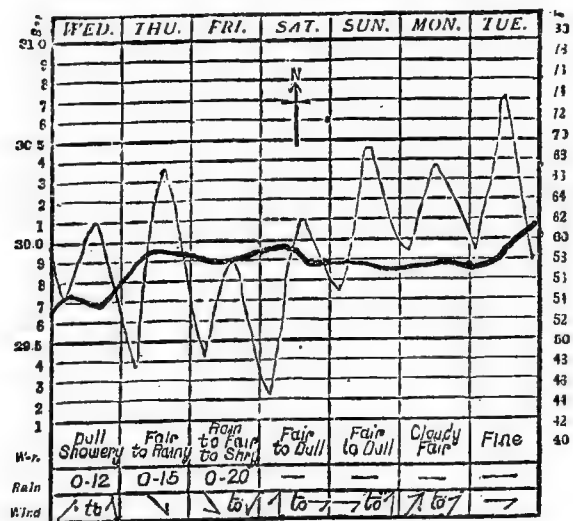
THE POOR IN PARIS annually look forward to the National Fête with great eagerness. Four thousand pounds are voted by the Government for distribution among the various quarters, and are generally spent in paying up arrears of rent, or giving about 2s. 6d. a-piece to the most destitute beings. The homeless are allowed to stay an extra day in the night-refuges, and instead of the frugal vegetable soup usually served out for supper, they feast on good meat *bouillon*, a plate of beef, cheese, fruit, and a *litre* of wine to every three persons. Prisoners share in the general rejoicings, and this year 577 criminals have been pardoned in honour of the annual festivity.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,471, against 1,481 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 10—290 below the average, and at the rate of 17·4 per 1,000. As usual at this season, the fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery are on the increase, and last week reached 107—a rise of 22. There were 99 deaths from measles (a fall of 1), 66 from whooping-cough (an advance of 9), 22 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 20 from scarlet fever (a rise of 7), 9 from enteric fever (an advance of 3), and four from cholera (similar to last week). The births declined to 2,472—a fall of 8, and 234 below the usual return.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA are busy marrying and giving in marriage. The most important alliance will be that of the heir presumptive to the Throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, with the sixteen-year-old Princess Elizabeth, grandchild of the Emperor and daughter of the Archduchess Gisela and Prince Leopold of Bavaria. By this marriage—fixed for January, 1892—the Austrian Crown will still be worn by a direct descendant of the present Emperor. On Tuesday, the Archduchess Marguerite-Clémentine, niece to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, was married at Pesth to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the bridal party following the old Hungarian custom of walking to the church. Next comes the Archduchess Valérie's wedding on the 31st inst., and the Viennese are very vexed that the ceremony will be celebrated so quietly at Ischl, without any opportunity for *fêtes* in Vienna. A commemorative medal in honour of the Archduchess Valérie has been struck for distribution at the Court, bearing the bridal pair's portraits, with figures of Cupid, Hymen, and Destiny, and a pen and inkstand, to recall the bride's poetic talents. The young Princess has very strong literary tastes, and is also a good artist and musician. Her little niece, the late Crown Prince's only daughter, is delighted at being allowed to act as bridesmaid. She is a pretty child of seven, very like her mother, the Crown Princess Stéphanie, and much devoted to outdoor amusements, especially butterfly-hunting.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1890



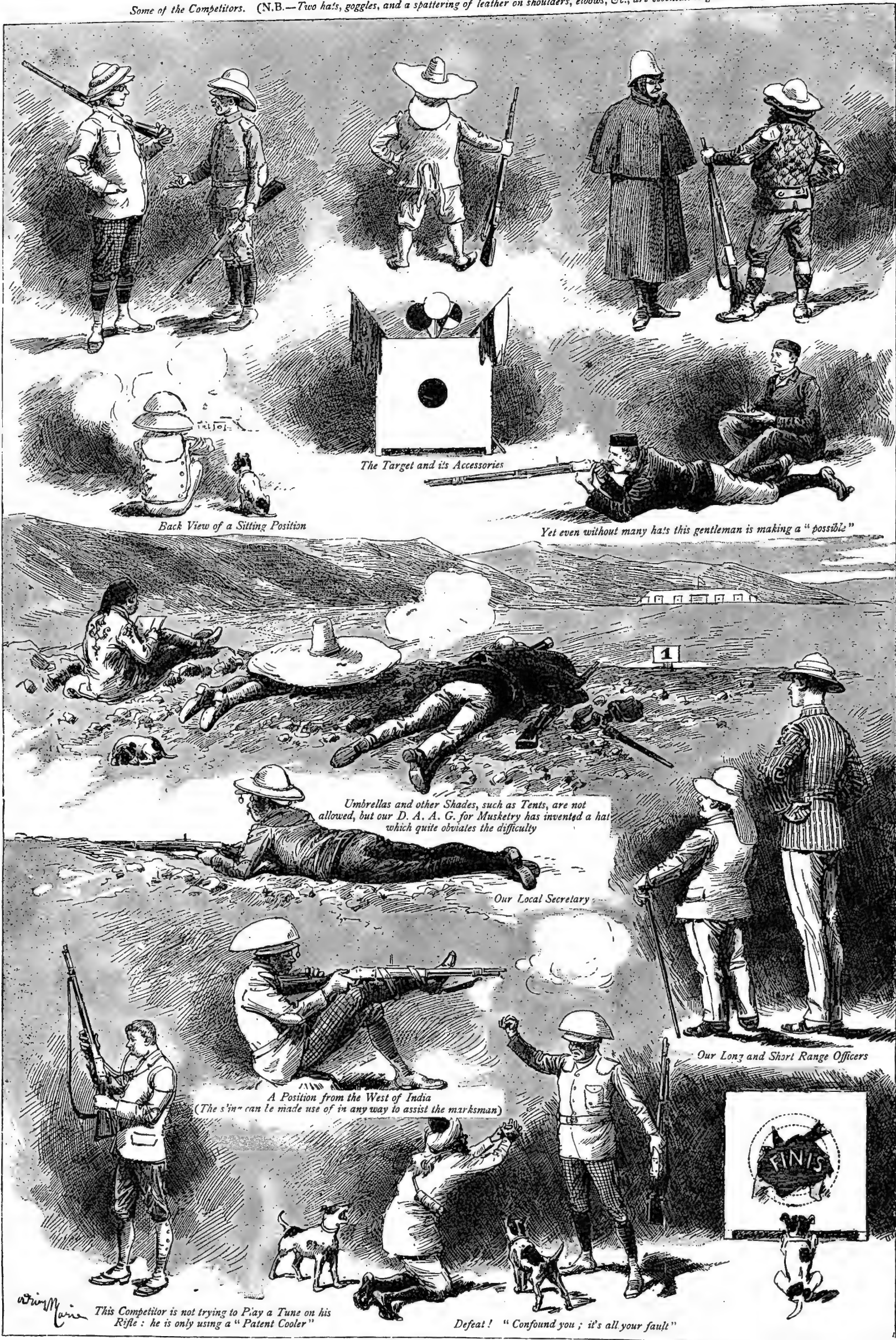
**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (15th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has again been of a very unsettled character, with rain or showers in most places, and very low temperatures for the time of year generally. Barometrical pressure has been mostly lowest to the Northward, and highest to the Southward of our Islands, so that breezes from South-West through West to North have been very prevalent, and have occasionally blown with considerable strength, for the time of year, in many parts of the country. The sky has been mostly cloudy, and rain has fallen from day to day over the greater part of the United Kingdom. The percentages of possible duration of bright sunshine have, consequently, again fallen below the average figures for the time of year. The largest daily amounts of rain all, which were measured on the morning of Monday (14th inst.) over our Northern and Western Coasts, varied from a little over half to three-quarters of an inch. Temperature has been several degrees below the average in all parts of the United Kingdom. The highest daily readings were at one time, Friday (11th inst.) as much as from 12° to 15° below the mean values over Central and South-Western England. Towards the close of the week, however, a decided improvement in this respect was shown, so that the reported figures differed but little from the averages. The lowest of the minima fell to 40° in the extreme North-East of Scotland, and South-East of England on Saturday (12th inst.), while on the morning of the same day in London a thermometer on the grass, fully exposed to the sky, fell to 33°, or only 1° above the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (29.67 inches) on Wednesday (9th inst.); range 0.36 inch.  
The temperature was highest (74°) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (45°) on Saturday (12th inst.); range 29°.  
Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.47 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.20 inch on Friday (11th inst.)



Some of the Competitors. (N.B.—Two hats, goggles, and a spattering of leather on shoulders, elbows, &c., are essential to good shooting)



The Target and its Accessories

Back View of a Sitting Position

Yet even without many hats this gentleman is making a "possible"

Umbrellas and other Shades, such as Tents, are not allowed, but our D. A. A. G. for Musketry has invented a hat which quite obviates the difficulty

Our Local Secretary

Our Long and Short Range Officers

A Position from the West of India (The s'in can be made use of in any way to assist the marksman)

This Competitor is not trying to Play a Tune on his Rifle: he is only using a "Patent Cooler"

Defeat! "Confound you; it's all your fault"



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Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.

Fireworks every Monday Night.  
The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending July 26th:—  
First Devon Regiment.  
Second Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
The following events will take place during the week.  
Artillery Encampment on Active Service Practically Illustrated.  
Sports by the Hon. Artillery Company.  
Assault at Arms by the Finsbury Polytechnic.  
Display by Eighteenth Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.  
Ambulance Drill by the Third (Woolwich) Division Volunteer Medical Staff.  
Display by the Cyclist Ambulance Section.  
A-ent of Spencer's Great War Balloon.

# ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The FRENCH BAND will PERFORM TWICE DAILY DURING the week.

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Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.  
Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria Pier, opposite the Main Entrance.  
Admission, 1s. Wednesdays, 2s. 6d.  
These Prices admit to all Entertainments. Major G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

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DARLING and the AFRICAN LIONS.  
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At usual Agents and at Exhibition.  
JOHN R. WHITLEY, Chairman.

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Class 2. 20 gs. Class 5. 30 gs. Class 8. 45 gs.  
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Secretary—Major-General W. M. LEES, 17, North Audley Street, W.

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President—THE RIGHT HON. the LORD LEIGH

In order to sustain the Hospital and its Branch in their present efficient working order, the Committee very earnestly and cordially appeal for help to the friends of the Hospital, and all who sympathize with them in their efforts to relieve the sufferings, and save many poor women and children from premature death.

The Institution is a Free Hospital for the Reception and Treatment of Distressed Females, and Women no Letter of Recommendation required. Poverty and Sickness the only Passports.

Since its foundation no less than 22,050 women and children have been treated in the Out-Department, and 9,974 women and 1,110 children have been admitted as In-Patients.

Many of the women were suffering from OVARIAN TUMOUR and DROPSY—which, before special attention was directed to it in the Samaritan Hospital in 1858, was looked upon as a disease always fatal.

Up to the end of 1889, no fewer than 1,377 cases were operated upon, with 1,186 recoveries and 191 deaths, a mortality of 13.87 per cent. £5,500 per annum is required to maintain the Hospital and its Branch, of which sum the Annual Subscriptions amount to little more than £1,700, and the remainder has to be raised by donations, and other uncertain sources of income. £10,000 are urgently required for the completion of the New Building now in course of erection in the Marylebone Road.

G. SCUDAMORE, Secretary.

# HOMES for the AGED POOR.

The object of this Charity is to relieve deserving poor persons from the sad necessity of passing their last years in a workhouse. To this end Homes are provided, in which such persons have a room rent free, as well as the advantage of the existing mortgages until some portion at least of the existing mortgages is paid off. These amount to £2,500 on four of the six freehold houses that have been acquired in Minford Gardens (five of them used as homes and one let) and the large home in Waltham Road.

Under these circumstances the Committee seek additional subscriptions and donations, and ask sympathizers with their special





THE DEANERY OF MANCHESTER, vacant through the death of Dr. Oakley, has been conferred upon Canon Maclure, Vicar of Rochdale, and eldest brother of that zealous Conservative, Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P. for the Stretford division of South-East Lancashire. Canon Maclure was presented to the Vicarage of Rochdale by the late Bishop Fraser. Previously he was for fourteen years Vicar of Burnley, and during half of that period Chairman of the Burnley School Board. Both at Rochdale and Burnley he has carried out important works of church restoration and extension, and has taken an active part in diocesan work, being Honorary Secretary of the Diocesan Conference and the Diocesan Board of Education. According to the *Record*, Archdeacon Cornish has declined the Primate's offer of the Suffragan Bishopric of Dover. The Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, vacant through the appointment of the Rev. J. Festing to the Bishopric of St. Albans, has been conferred by the Bishop of London on the Rev. J. H. Snowden, Vicar of St. Paul's, Hammersmith.

THE LEAGUE OF SCOTTISH LAYMEN, recently formed, has for its objects opposition to Disestablishment in Scotland and the promotion of the reunion of Scottish Presbyterian Churches, which have exactly the same formularies. The League has received the important adhesion of one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, Lord Moncreiff, a zealous Whig, who was Mr. Gladstone's Lord Advocate, and whom he made Lord Justice Clerk and a Peer. The Free Church separated from the Established Church of Scotland simply because patronage was retained in the latter; but for years patronage has ceased to exist in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Canon Liddon, whose sufferings (from an affection of the nerves and muscles of the neck) are described as having been "intense," had early in the week so far recovered that Sir Henry Acland thought it unnecessary to issue any more bulletins.—The Duke of Cambridge has unveiled a new lectern erected in one of the piazzas of the Chelsea Hospital as a memorial of the late Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, author of "The Subaltern," and an industrious contributor to British military history and biography.—The Rev. A. J. Ingram, Rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, to whom donations may be sent, seasonably appeals for contributions to the London Poor Clergy Holiday Fund, of which he is Honorary Treasurer.—Among the new civil list pensions is one of 100*l.* to the widow of the Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch, the well-known writer on ecclesiastical antiquities.—There was a muster of some 100,000 Salvationists and others at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, when was celebrated the twenty-fifth birthday of the Army.

LEGAL

MR. J. DOUGLAS PYNE, M.P. for West Waterford, suddenly disappeared in November, 1888, and has never since been seen or heard of. It was known that he had gone on board the Holyhead boat, bound for Dublin, and it was supposed that he fell overboard and was drowned. Accordingly, in the February of the present

year a new writ was issued for West Waterford, and Mr. Alfred Webb was returned in his stead. This week Mr. Pyne's widow applied to one of the Dublin Courts for letters of administration, the application not being supported by any certificate of death. The case was ordered to stand over until next November for further affidavits, and, in the interval, advertisements respecting the supposed deceased are to be inserted in several newspapers. When thus delaying assent to the widow's application, the Judge remarked that it was very necessary to exhaust every source of information. There was no positive evidence of the death of Mr. Pyne. It was conceivable that, if he fell overboard, he was picked up by a boat.

A WIDOW, aged thirty-four, has been convicted at Bow Street of an attempt to steal two silver spoons forming part of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley's wedding presents, on view at Richmond Terrace after the marriage ceremony in Westminster Abbey. A witness for the prisoner described her as not only well-connected, but as "a lady of independent means." The statement did the delinquent more harm than good, the magistrate very naturally remarking that she had not committed the offence from want. She was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

DISCLOSURES made at an inquest this week touching the death in Camberwell of a boy six months old afford another illustration of the necessity for such an inquiry as that which, at the instance of the Bishop of Peterborough, a Select Committee of the House of Lords is making into the insurance of the lives of children of tender years. These disclosures had only indirect reference to the death of the child, which was caused by its being fed on sweet cakes, the jury returning a verdict of "Death from natural causes, through ignorance." But it was elicited in the course of the proceedings that, without the knowledge of the parents, the boy's life had been insured, for a payment of a halfpenny a week, by a woman with whom it was put to nurse, and who was called as a witness. On being asked why, under these circumstances, she had insured the child's life, she replied, "Because the agent kept bothering me so." The agent and the collector of the insurance society were also examined. The former said that he received 25 per cent. on all insurances effected, and paid 12½ per cent. to his collector. The collector admitted that, in spite of what had been done, only parents, according to the rules of the Society, could insure the lives of their children, on which the Coroner remarked—"I think you would make a good witness before the House of Lords Committee. They would be pleased to hear of this." In summing up, the Coroner said that a stranger could easily insure another person's life while this loose system of insurance was in vogue, and that it was time something was done to prevent insurances from being effected so easily.



"THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD," by Blanche Atkinson (1 vol.: George Allen), will pleasantly remind elderly readers of those romances of their youth in which good young women were pursued and persecuted by all sorts of villains, from all sorts of motives, to emerge triumphantly rich and happy. In one respect only Blanche Atkinson is faithful to the traditions of her school. Her sense of poetical justice is imperfectly developed, and its incompleteness would have simply shocked the readers of a couple of generations

ago. She amply rewards virtue; but the leading villain, Mr. Ephraim Myers, is left as prosperous and as flourishing as the victim who escapes from his clutches. The plot is rather ingenious, and, but for some clumsiness—not easily avoidable—in the dénouement, exceptionally well constructed; the style is bright, and the characters, while necessarily rather conventional, are not too numerous, are well sketched, and are kept well apart and in hand. The novel belongs to an exceedingly simple form of Art, but it is none the worse for that—indeed not a few persons of healthy taste will think it all the better.

A missing corpse is the subject of both the next novels before us. Mr. B. L. Farjeon is, he gives his readers to understand, so pleased with his own "Great Porter Square" that he thinks he cannot do better than adapt the same method to the construction of another romance, under the title of "The Mystery of M. Felix" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The grotesque improbability of the plot renders the maintenance of such interest as attaches to mystery for the sake of the more successful; and the reader will enjoy the astuteness of the amateur detective and the newspaper reporter in its elucidation. A considerable portion of Mr. Farjeon's method appears to consist in colouring his characters, or rather deluging them, with black-wash or white-wash—poured freely out of buckets; in respect of the black-wash, at any rate, never have there been more uncompromising villains than his villains; and as in his portraiture so in all matters is exaggeration allowed to run riot. Of course we shall not say a word to anticipate the ingenuity of the amateur-detective and the newspaper reporter; and this obligation inevitably curtails any notice of the novel. The maid-of-all-work, Sophy—a sort of idealised "Marchioness"—will no doubt find plenty of admirers, if only for her thoroughness. Mr. Farjeon has successfully avoided that regular pit-fall of novelists, the estimation of a marriage-certificate at more than the fee paid at Somerset House for a copy.

"The Mystery of a Millionaire's Grave," by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N. (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), contains, as an episode, the story of the robbery of the body of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire, in 1878. It is not an interesting subject in itself, except as illustrating the lengths to which black-mailing might be carried in almost the infancy of the art; and we cannot say that Dr. Gordon Stables has improved upon the newspapers, except in point of style. Nor was it necessary to carry the hero through so many sentimental misadventures in order to account for such a crime, however vulgar and heartless. A certain sort of human nature would have accounted for everything.

"Two Pardons," by Henry Scott Vince (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), tells, among other things, how six men, veritable Paladins of strength, chivalry, and valour, and of literally untold wealth amassed in California, banded together to crush with the utmost extremity of vengeance an unfortunate woman who had eloped from the brother of Harry Galbraith, the leading Paladin, but was now, supposing her husband to be dead, trying to bury her past as the Lady Bountiful of a little town in Marlshire. The jovial manner in which the avengers go to work is not agreeable, and makes one wish a dozen times that poor Mrs. Stanhope, with all her past, had possessed half-a-dozen champions capable of dealing with her persecutors in their own way. This, the main plot, is stagey, improbable, and unsympathetic; but the novel has some admirable features. The description of the life, if it can be called life, of sleepy Avonham, where one gets to know every inhabitant as if one had been an *habitué* of the club at the Bear, is good, and so is the history of a good old-fashioned polling-day, followed by a good old-fashioned

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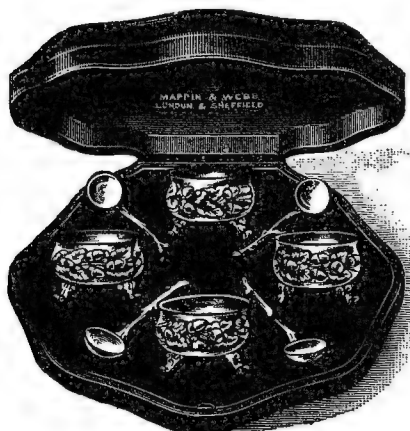
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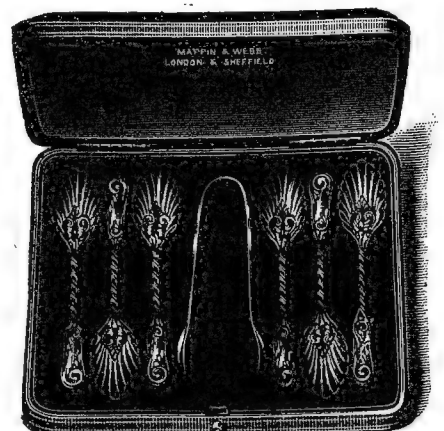
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Walter A. Lidington, Esq., Handicapper and Starter, West Kent Harriers, writes—

"March 3, 1890.

"I am desired by the members of the above club to inform you that they have used your Embrocation for a considerable period, and that they think it is more beneficial than any other that has been introduced into the club.

"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

From L. Fabrellas, Esq., Saint Sebastien, Spain.

"April 16, 1890.

"I am member of a Cycling Club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your universal Embrocation, which was recommended to me by Monsieur Henri Beconnais, Champion Cyclist of France, last year."

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Chas. S. Agar, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes—

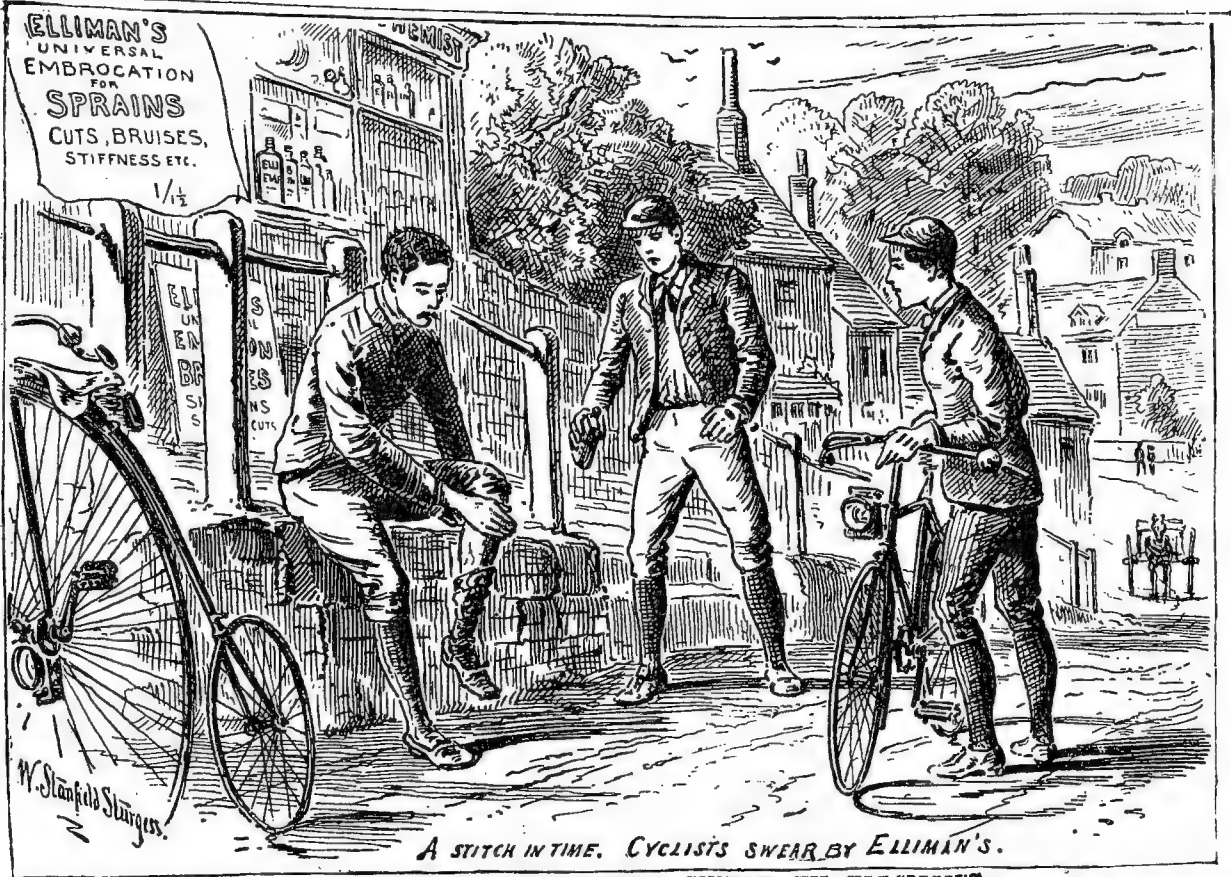
"April 21, 1889.

"In cases of acute rheumatism I have used it on coolies, as also for strains. The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

H. J. Burden, Esq., Hon. Sec. Peckham Harriers, writes—

"June 21, 1890.

"I have used your Embrocation for some considerable time, and found it invaluable for stiffness after long and short running, also for sprains. The members of my club have used it, and find it more beneficial than any other oils, and now they could not do without it."



A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.

A STITCH IN TIME—CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S

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## IMPORTANT TRADE-MARK JUDGMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS APPEAL, June 19, 1890.

Present—The Lord Chancellor, and Lords Watson, Herschell, Macnaghten, and Morris.

**ENO v. DUNN.**

THIS was an appeal from a judgment of the Court of Appeal (reversing an order of Mr. Justice Kay), which was in favour of **DUNN**, the Respondent. The Appellant, **ENO**, was the registered owner of the trade-mark "**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**," which he first brought out in 1873. The Respondent described his preparation as "**Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder**." In accordance with the decision of the majority of their Lordships, the judgment of the Court of Appeal was reversed, with costs (in both Courts), and the decision of Mr. Justice Kay restored.

## CAUTION.—"ENO'S FRUIT SALT."

For the protection of the Trade and ourselves we are compelled to give notice that we will immediately instruct our Solicitors to proceed against any one infringing our rights or attempting any colourable imitation of our Labels or Wrappers.

June 24, 1890.

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about splendid teeth. Therefore, fair ladies, it behoves you to know that **SOZODONT** makes them glitter like Orient pearl. By this pure Vegetable Dentifrice the enamel is rendered impervious to decay, all discolourations are removed, and the gums become hard and rosy, and the **BREATH** pure and sweet. No lady ever used **SOZODONT** without approving of its cleansing and purifying properties, and the flattering testimonials that have been bestowed upon it by eminent Dentists and scientific men speak volumes of praise for its merits. **SOZODONT** contains not one particle of acid or any ingredient whatever that will injure the enamel, and is free from the acrid properties of Tooth Pastes, &c. One bottle of **SOZODONT** will last six months. Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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*Sunday Times* says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (28 pages), with recipes and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure obesity (average reduction in first week is 3lbs.), post free 8 stamps. **F. C. RUSSELL**, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889. CONCENTRATED

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riot. For description and local colour and portraiture, as peculiar to the West Country, the novel is well worth reading.

Fiction based on theology is—we cannot help thinking, unhealthily—on the increase. Charles T. C. James, who will be favourably remembered by readers of "The Blindness of Memory Earle," has, in "The New Faith: A Romantic History of It" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) chosen as ambitious a subject as can well be imagined; too ambitious for complete success to be hoped for, even by novelists of the first order. His hero, Cecil Avenel, is a fanatic, with an immense power of influencing all sorts and conditions of men and women by his eloquence and enthusiasm, who believes himself to have discovered the one absolutely true and living faith which only required complete revelation to annihilate every existing religion, Christianity included. After educating his disciples up to the required point, he is about to make the final proclamation, when he is seized with paralysis in the pulpit—the result of his being jilted in the most commonplace way by a common-place young woman in whom he thought he had found his fellow soul, blind all the while to the soul which was really his mate; and he dies with his secret unrevealed, having fallen back, in his shipwreck, upon the simple faith which would never be that of his followers any more. It is easier to imagine how effective a subject like this might have been made in sufficiently strong hands than to approximate to adequate execution. Mr. James is at any rate to be commended for an interesting conception; which, however, is marred by positive faults as well as negative shortcomings. The novel could well be made half its length by the simple process of striking the pen through tedious repetitions; and the quasi-comedy characters, like the domestic martinet, Captain Turle, and Mrs. Hall, are unmitigated bores. A good deal of interest, moreover, is swamped by a heavy attack—heavy in more than one sense—upon a certain association which will be easily recognised under the title of the "Offerings Magnetisation Society." Altogether there is far too much of what may be mildly termed "extraneous matter."



**THE SEASON.**—The one subject of universal discussion since July came in has been the rainfall, which has repeated the profusion of June, and has already attained the figure at which, according to the average, the total of the whole month should stand. The rain has not been incessant, yet scarcely a day has escaped without making some contribution to the general total. On the 5th the heavy downpour was in the early morning hours, and on the 10th at the very close of the day, from ten to twelve. Some days, like the 5th, the 9th, and the early hours of the 11th, were marked by rain falling over nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, while in other cases the rain was local; thus, the 12th was wet in Lancashire and Yorkshire, but not in London or the Home counties. The low temperature has made the rain of extra seriousness, though

in this respect there is some improvement from June, the *minima* of night warmth being higher than they were before July came in. It is noticeable that even turnips, the most watery of vegetables, have had enough of rain, and have not grown so well as they do in finer weather. The hay crop, which has been increased in bulk in North Britain, has been gravely deteriorated in nutritious value by the frequent washing showers. The stacks are likely to be affected by heating, and the situation has led to a greatly increased use of ensilage as a process, both with respect to the employment of clamps and presses and as regards the ensiling of stuff in pits. The depreciation in the feeding value of this year's hay as compared with that of last year is put by an excellent authority at one-third. The corn crops are suffering sadly, for it is impossible for them to ripen without sunshine, or for the soft grains to harden without heat. Owing to their greater power of utilising sunshine oats have now outstripped in promise the other crops. The potatoes require heat and dry weather, and this is the general cry.

HAMPSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, AND WILTSHIRE have learnt the wisdom which many other counties are but beginning to discern. They do not make three separate and unprofitable *débûts* in the agricultural arena, but hold every July a big combined Show. This year, the Exhibition of local agriculture and breeding had its centre in Winchester, which sleepy city of dear hotels woke on July 8th to find itself famous, and also, unfortunately, very filthy, for the soil of Hampshire is none of the lightest, and the unwonted traffic, through rainy weather had made the whole place "sloppy," with a centre of sloppiness in the showyard itself. There was a grand show of Hampshire sheep; 122 against 90 last year. The records of the "Royal" for this breed were completely cut, the winners at Plymouth being again and again outshone. The South-downs competed bravely with these formidable rivals, and the rams sent by the Prince of Wales were much admired. The Oxford Down sheep were exactly what a breed should be at a rival Exhibition, a small but very select collection. The agricultural horses, without being very strong, were an improvement on last year; but with respect to the cattle this was hardly the case, though the Jersey classes came out very well. There was a fine show of Berkshire pigs.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK have just been having a grand agricultural display at Great Yarmouth, which is geographically situated in an ideal position bordering on both counties, but is less favourably placed for railway purposes. There was a fine show of agricultural horses, the principal prizes being carried off by the Suffolk breed and by Suffolk breeders. The Norfolk farmers protest against the excessive encouragement accorded to very heavy horses, and claim that the light lands, which predominate, require the employment of a lighter and more quickly-stepping horse than the Suffolk breed. The remedy, so far as the local Show is concerned, is simple. Norfolk is rich in wealthy landowners, three or four of whom might easily combine to give substantial prizes for the horses of the breed and build which they favour. The spread of Channel Islands cattle in a cold county like Norfolk is gratifying. Shorthorns in Norfolk and Suffolk hold their own well with the Red Polls. The Southdowns seem to be triumphing over the Lincoln long-woolled sheep, but the local Suffolks hold an independent position, and there is some revival of care in breeding them. There was a good show of pigs, and an excellent competi-

tion between the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. H. P. Green, and Mr. Sanders Spencer.

DAIRY FARMERS now have a special review devoted to their interests; being a very serious publication appearing at long intervals only, it somewhat misleadingly appropriates to itself the name of a "Journal." The volume now before us contains an excellent article on railway rates, a useful paper on the value of a milk register, and a critical well-thought-out consideration of milking trials, and the conclusions to which they lead. A paper on Wensleydale cheese is less satisfactory.

BUTTER MAKING in the West of England has been brought into prominence by the competitions at the Royal Show. The advocates of the scalding process have plucked up heart, and are claiming that the finest butter can be made that way, but the gist of the matter would seem to be that the scalding imparts quite a recognisable flavour. This both Cornish and Devonshire men are so accustomed to that they regard it as the true butter flavour. To our taste it is exceedingly agreeable, because it is new, and it always comes as a fresh experience, a local "note" as we cross the Axe into the Western shires. We doubt if this flavour will become very readily acceptable to Londoners. The question of working and stirring with the hands is also raised, but it is not really germane to the matter, as even clotted cream can be converted into butter granules without the use of the hand. Cream remains the luxury of the English out of two counties, and a customary article of diet within those two—Devon and Cornwall. This we have never had explained.

FRUIT.—Strawberries this year have been very large and plentiful, though the absence of sunshine has made fine flavour very rare. All sorts of currants are plentiful, and the black currants are large and juicy. The raspberry-canes, which rather like dry weather, have done better than might have been expected. But cherries are a very poor yield; and plums in some parts, as about Pershore—a great fruit-centre—are hardly to be met with. The plum-crop this year will certainly prove one of the smallest on record. Pears are also scarce, and apples are locally so. Worcester and Hereford make great complaints in this respect; but good reports come from Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. In the home counties apples are likely to be about two-thirds of a crop. There was a great abundance this spring of the apple-blossom weevil, which is a beetle depositing its eggs in the blossom-buds just after they form and before they expand. The grub which comes from the eggs consumes but little of the bud, but it is a case where "a little is more than enough." The pest passes the winter in any convenient shelter of barky palms or dry leaf-litter near the tree, and should be sought for and destroyed during the dull months when work is hard to find, instead of, as at present, hard to get through. The regular moth-pests of the apple-trees have been somewhat less numerous than usual of late, though locally we have heard great complaints of the winter-moth.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—As old and "candid" friends of this national charity, we lately called attention to the percentage of expenses as being rather high—seventeen per cent. The secretary explains, as we gladly note, that in reality the expenses were only ten per cent., but that in making up one year's accounts some items of a previous year were included which left the impression that they were chargeable to a single year.

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Of great strength and fine quality.					
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Of superb quality, and highly recommended as a most Delicious Tea.					

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An interesting BOOK ON TEA, with numerous Illustrations, recently published by the Company, will be forwarded along with samples of Tea (all free of charge) to any one on application. The Directors respectfully ask the Public to READ THE BOOK, to TASTE THE SAMPLES, and to JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

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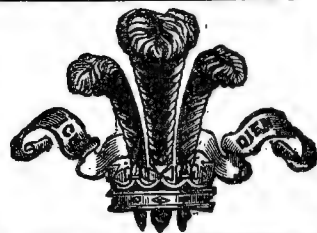
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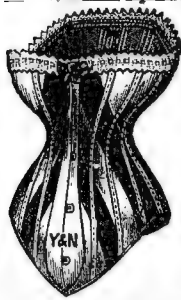
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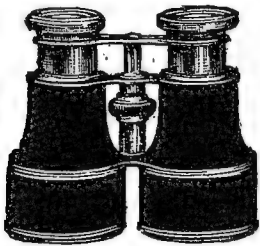
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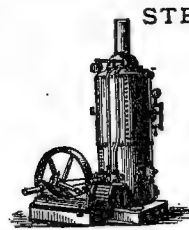
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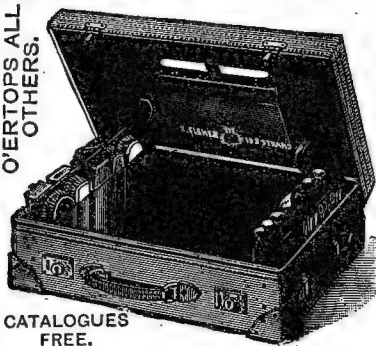
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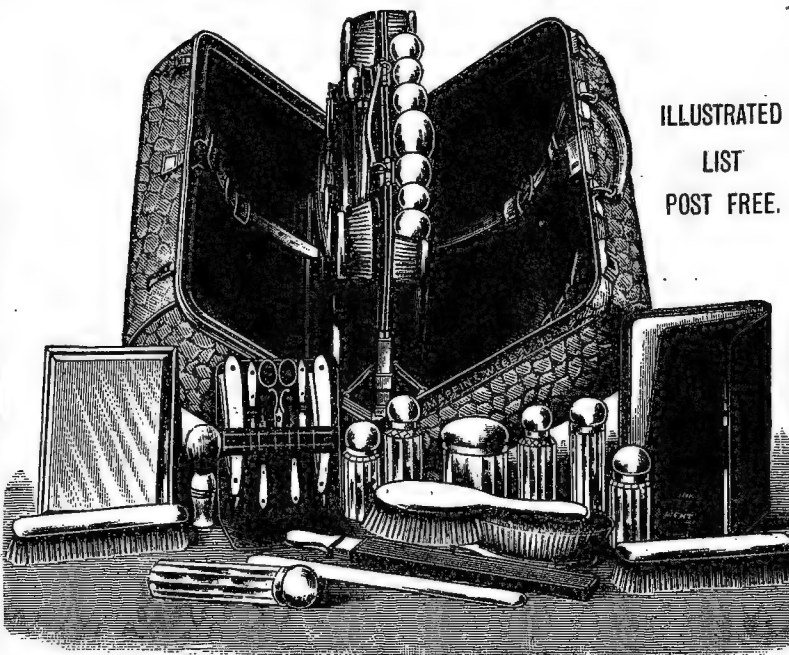


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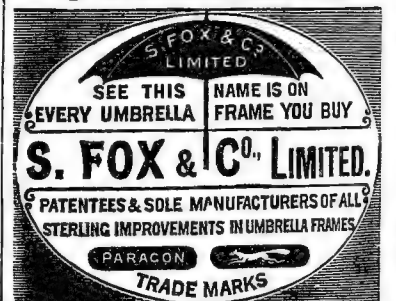
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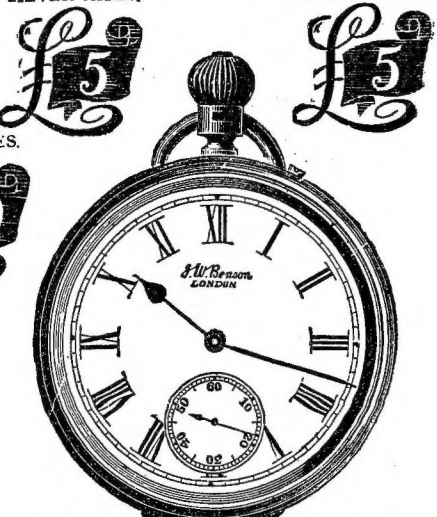
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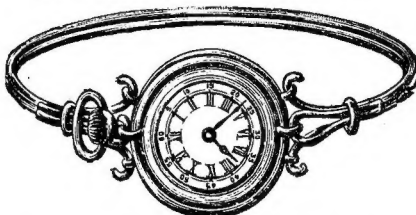
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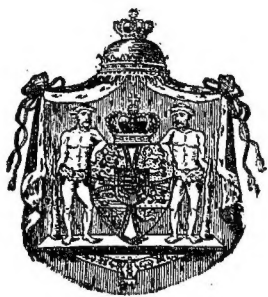
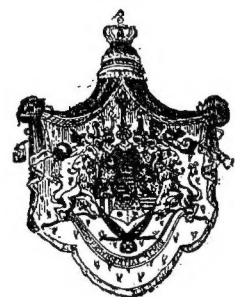
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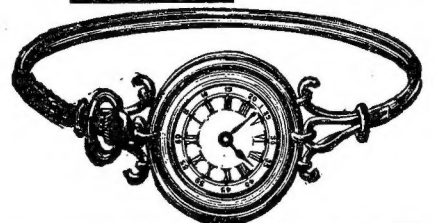


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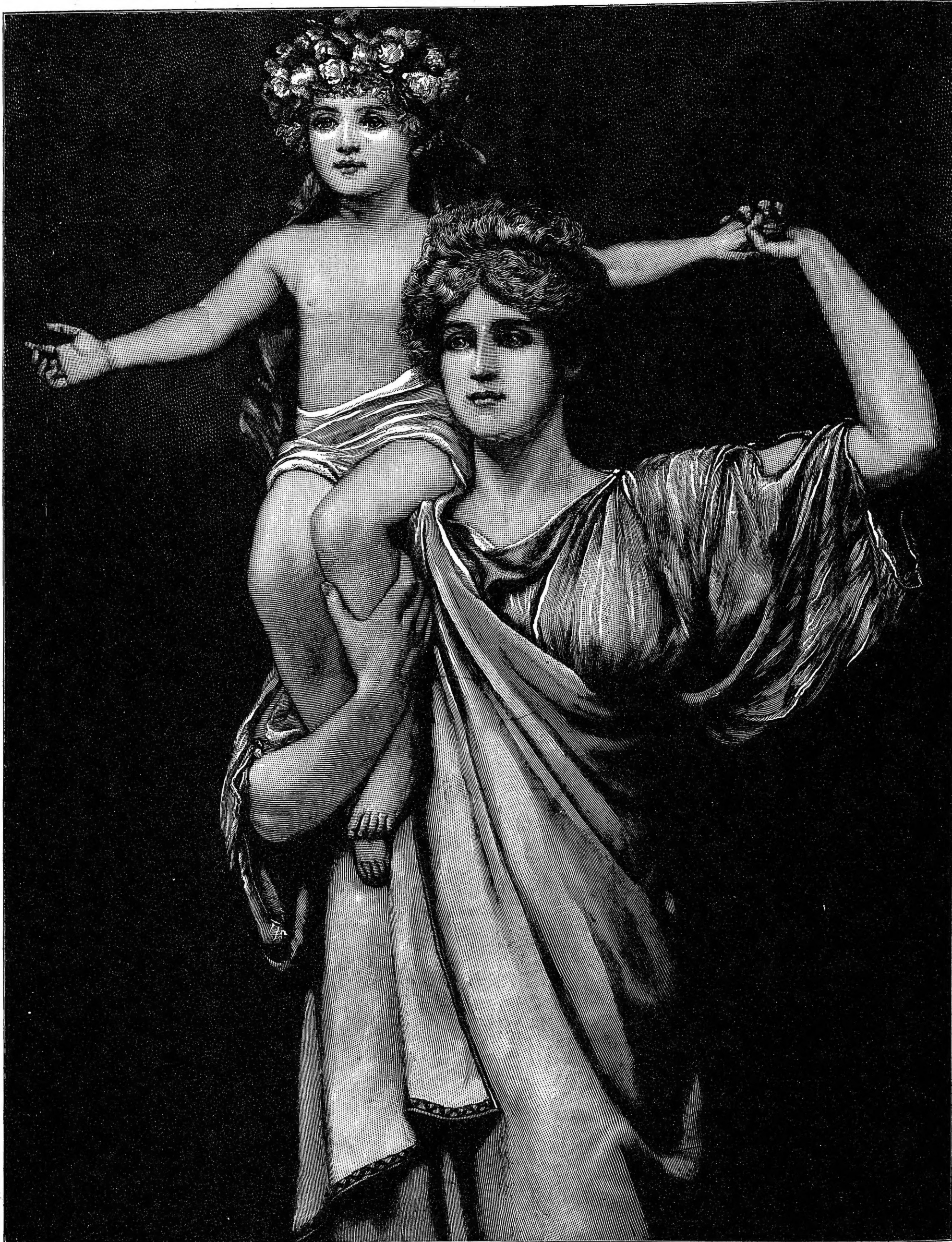
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